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Princess Victoria.

Queen.

King.

Vice-Chancellor.

THE KING REVISITING HIS ALMA MATER: RECEPTION OF HIS MAJESTY AT THE SENATE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE, ON THE OCCASION OF HIS OPENING THE NEW SCHOOLS OF LAW AND SCIENCE, MARCH 1.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CAMBRIDGE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The *Daily Express* has the admirable idea of giving five scholarships to the five persons who shall obtain the largest number of subscribers to that journal in the next three months. You persuade your friends to take the *Daily Express* regularly for that period; each of them signs a printed coupon to that effect; on a given day you send in your coupons, and if they are numerous enough you get a scholarship for your own son, or for any boy to whom you choose to give it. The *Daily Express* becomes responsible for all the charges of his education at a British or foreign public school, university, or technical college, with an additional fifty pounds a year for incidental expenses. I cannot imagine a more praiseworthy enterprise. Of course, it is an advertisement for the journal named; but it is a better advertisement in the public interest than hiding treasure. The journal will get a multitude of new readers, and five boys will get an education which will fit them for service to their country. Without this stimulus, at least one of the five might remain a mute, inglorious genius, of no use to anybody.

But let a scheme be ever so rational it is bound to excite suspicion. Depend upon it, some people will cast up a little sum, and find that the increase of *Daily Express* subscribers must be out of all proportion to the benefit of the scholarships. "Fifty thousand new readers," I can hear one of these Cockers exclaim, "and only five scholars! What greed!" Indeed, one malcontent has actually written to the journal in these terms: "Do you pretend that the *Daily Express* is expending thousands of pounds on educating five boys out of pure philanthropy? It is perfectly obvious that the whole thing is a scheme to obtain fresh subscribers." There's astuteness for you! No deceiving this lynx-eyed student of motives! The *Daily Express* humbly confesses that he has hit the mark; and he will go about saying, "Why, I saw through the humbug at once!" Let us have philanthropy wholly without the taint of lucre, or let five boys go without the opportunities which are offered to them. I can hear Mr. Chadband discoursing: "What is charity, my friends? What is brotherly love? Is it a base desire to put more money into one pocket than you disburse from the other? No, my friends; let us not fall down and worship the Golden Calf! Never do good if you gain anything by it. Better that five soaring human boys should never be educated at all than that they should be the helpless victims of a newspaper proprietor's grasping avarice!"

Then imagine the feelings of the father who writes thus: "My son is three years of age, and rather delicate. He would not be permitted to begin serious education until he was at least ten years old. What do you suggest in such cases?" The *D.E.* timidly points out that scholarships cannot be kept waiting until these delicate infants are old and robust enough to apply themselves to learning. Do you think their disappointed papas will subscribe? I have no doubt my friend Fletcher Robinson, who conducts the *D.E.* to glory, is now perplexed by letters in this strain: "I am not married, but I sometimes think about it. There would be an inducement to marry if I had a positive guarantee from you that in the event of my having a son, he will be eligible for one of your scholarships. What do you suggest in such cases?" I see Mr. Fletcher Robinson tearing his hair. If no provision be made for this hypothetical child, the contingent father may not wed at all; and at some crisis in her future history the country may suffer irreparably from the lack of the highly developed brain which might have sprung from the union of prudence and beauty. This may suggest to the *Daily Express* the expediency of another important enterprise—to wit, the endowment of portionless girls. Let the five girls who collect the most coupons receive each a dowry. I warrant that scheme for increasing the circulation of any paper!

If you want a true blue philanthropist, what do you say to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones? In the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Jones says that if a subsidised theatre should be set going by public or private bounty he will write a comedy for it and charge no fees. "Oh, yes," some determined pessimist will say, "but do you call this doing good by stealth, and blushing to find it fame? See what an advertisement it is for Jones!" That is true; you cannot do any manner of service in this age of publicity without advertising your own beneficence. All the same, I should like to see the subsidised theatre produce the comedy Mr. Jones will write for nothing, and the Press notices. Such an institution, he reckons, would need a certain fund of ten thousand a year. It would be no good whatever to produce plays in the simple and primitive style which suits the frugal enthusiast. Luxury is not needed; but distinction is indispensable. Who will subscribe ten thousand a year? Mr. Carnegie might put down the whole capital sum, and never feel the want of it. Or

he might undertake to provide the ten thousand for a specified number of years. Or he might guarantee half, if some other munificent persons would make up the rest. He can't plead that he dislikes the theatre on principle; for has he not endowed the drama at Dunfermline? And why don't we hear something about its efflorescence there?

Addison, in one of his most delightful papers in the *Spectator*, describes a singular being, called the Trunk-maker, who used to frequent the upper gallery of the playhouse, where he distinguished himself by applauding with a thick stick, vigorously applied to any piece of timber that happened to be nearest. "It has been observed his blow is so well timed that the most judicious critic could never except against it. As soon as any shining thought is expressed in the poet, or any uncommon grace appears in the actor, he smites the bench or wainscot. If the audience does not concur with him, he smites a second time; and if the audience is not yet awaked, looks around him with great wrath, and repeats the blow a third time, which never fails to produce the clap. He sometimes lets the audience begin the clap of themselves, and at the conclusion of their applause ratifies it with a single thwack." He is very partial to the Ghost in "Hamlet," and seldom goes away from a tragedy of Shakspeare without leaving the wainscot "extremely shattered."

In the gallery of the old Lyceum, enthusiasts used to emulate the Trunk-maker's zeal, without, however, doing any damage to Sir Henry Irving's woodwork. This week the gallery-seats were put up to auction at the theatre, together with many other relics. The devoted playgoer who always occupied a particular stall on a first night had the chance of literally making it his own, and setting it up with melancholy pride among his household gods. The gallery boys who grew up in the Lyceum, learning from Irving all they knew of the drama, might have bought their seats, or broken them up, and reverently divided the fragments as mementoes of those glorious years. Who knows that many decades hence there will not be fragments of stage "properties" still preserved in glass cases as heirlooms from the shrine where Sir Henry wove the spells of his art? A great work, which the history of our drama will never cease to honour!

Some remarks in the "Note-Book" about Leap Year have brought me an interesting letter from a correspondent in New York, Mr. Tudor Graves. "In 1892," writes Mr. Graves, "I was living in a North Dakota city, where the young ladies of the local Four Hundred issued invitations for a ball, strictly on Leap Year lines. The lady who invited me called for me with a 'hack'—this must be North Dakota for hackney coach—and escorted me to the ball, somewhat late, of course!"—Why late, Mr. Graves? What was your chaperon about?—"There were no chaperons in the West; and it may be said to the credit of the young West that there was no great necessity for them."—Good young West! But I thought the chaperons at a Leap Year ball were needed for the bachelors!—"The ball was a great success; and I daresay some of the ladies got useful hints on the duties of an escort. To make it more impressive, the men outnumbered the women, and knew the delights of the wallflower. When the ball was over, the ladies hustled out, called the carriages, took their timid young men home, and then had the escort's lonely drive. It was heroic! What happened to other men I cannot say; but I did not receive any proposal of marriage."

The breathless reader who has followed Mr. Tudor Graves thus far may think this a lame and impotent conclusion. But wait a bit: I am working up the dramatic climax. "Whether on account of that ball or in spite of it," proceeds Mr. Graves with the caution of the impartial historian, "I have been married for the last eleven years to the lady who escorted me"—Do I not hear loud cheers from the breathless reader?—"and as we lived for eight years afterwards in the home of cheap and easy divorce"—O North Dakota!—"and are still living together, you may draw your own inference as to the outcome of my adventure." The magnetic charm of Mrs. Tudor Graves is manifest. But I regret to draw the inference that she did not propose—even in the hackney coach. Mr. Graves, after an interval, made the proposal in the conventional form. Thus it is even in the boundless freedom of North Dakota. The same old formula lays its ancient grip on the good young West. The girls may ask you to a Leap Year ball; but it is no more than a hint. Rosalind came nearest to the actual proposal; but then she was pretending to be a boy. Well, well! I have not yet heard what happened to the blushing bachelors at the Leap Year ball on Monday last. Probably they did not get a single offer, although an imaginative newspaper man calmly affirms in a morning paper that twenty-eight couples plighted their troth, and seventeen more came very near it. How on earth could he know?

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R. N.

(SEE SUPPLEMENT.)

Taken in chronological order, the events of the past week have been the attempt to seal up Port Arthur, the advance of the Japanese to Ping-Yang, the reported landing of a force at Possiet Bay, and the appearance of the Japanese Fleet off Vladivostok. Each and all of these events indicate unquestionably the imminence of decisive action and the intention to keep the remnants of the Russian Fleet occupied while other preparations are in progress. It cannot be long now before the moment for striking arrives, but where the curtain will lift upon the Japanese disembarkation remains a secret. The apparent delay may be due partly to the extraordinary severity of the winter, which has covered the coast-line with ice, and partly to the consistent policy of the Japanese commanders to have all things ready before attempting a further movement.

The events at Port Arthur and Vladivostok are an intimation that the Japanese naval forces are closely observing the Russian ships, and that those in authority at Tokyo are not yet fully convinced that the Russian menace by sea is wholly deprived of its sting. The snake has been scotched, but not killed. This is a very different thing from that of the "re-establishment of the naval equilibrium in the Far East," which an Austrian paper prematurely boasted had been brought about by the supposed sinking of four of Admiral Togo's battle-ships. The daring attempt of the Japanese to seal up the harbour has at least failed in part, precisely as a similar attempt made by Admiral Sampson failed at Santiago. But this attempt, and the continual harrying of the naval and military garrison at Port Arthur, cannot but have its effect in exhausting the energies of the defenders, and increasing the possibilities of the success of their assailants.

The true significance of the Japanese movements hereabout lies in the circumstance that the Russians have not yet summoned up pluck to attempt with their cruisers and torpedo craft a counter-attack by night on the hostile fleet. These ships must go somewhere to coal and revictual: had they half the enterprise and initiative of their adversaries the Russians would have found out where. But doubtless they have been waiting for Admiral Makaroff's advent, which is now reported to have taken place.

The reported landing at Possiet Bay and the appearance of Japanese ships off Vladivostok are probably parts of the same movement—one directed against the Russian threat to bombard Hakodate. Possiet Bay affords the convenience and other advantages which would make it a desirable temporary base for a squadron observing the Russian port. It is not much more than fifty miles to the southward, and therefore is within striking distance for destroyers, as well as available for the uses of the larger vessels. It is much more likely that it is being utilised in this way than as the starting-point for a raiding expedition on the railway one hundred and fifty miles away, or Kirin, more than double that distance. It is noteworthy in this connection that the last reports from Port Arthur were signed by Vice-Admiral Kamimura, which may perhaps be taken to indicate that Admiral Togo has gone north himself. On the other hand, while little appears to be known in this country of the topographical conditions in the western part of the province of Kirin, the Japanese are probably well acquainted with them, and will know just what difficulties there are to be overcome, and whether a flank attack in this direction is worth trying. If feasible, it is obvious that a successful raid might result in a permanent disruption of the railway communications from Harbin, south and west, besides further disturbing the equanimity of the Viceroy at Mukden.

In a previous article the Russian front was spoken of as a line drawn between Port Arthur and Vladivostok. Somewhere on this line the Japanese must find a point through which to force their way. At present the altered balance of naval power gives them a wide opportunity; but so far as is actually known, the line of advance lies across the Ta-Tung and the Yalu. It was between these rivers that the great battle took place which resulted in the Chinese being driven out of Korea. And here, if the Russians are in force, the coming fight may take place. It is towards this point that the Japanese columns are converging, and although there are other enterprises more attractive, they well understand the prudence and the strength of concentration. It may be, of course, that the Russian force on the Yalu, the numbers of which are probably known to their adversaries, has been recognised as unworthy of a large effort, and in that case Port Arthur may prove to be a bait too tempting. Apparently this is the view taken by General Stössel, since this officer is reported to have informed the garrison that he will never give the order to surrender. It should not be difficult, indeed, if only a small force be necessary to face the enemy on the Yalu, for the Japanese to land as soon as the ice breaks up on both sides of the Kwang-Tung Peninsula, and to complete the investment of the Russians at Port Arthur.

THE PROBLEM OF FEEDING AND ARMING THE BELLIGERENTS IN THE FAR EAST.

To supply an army in the field with food stuffs, more especially when the base is a long way off, is a matter of much forethought and difficulty, and one which will be placed in a most marked manner before the Russians. Mukden, if they make that a base, will be some two hundred to three hundred miles from the possible scene of action. Harbin is some five hundred to six hundred miles off. Again, if these places are made bases of supply, they, in their turn, will have to be renewed from a base some thousands of miles farther away. Manchuria is not a food-producing country; cattle are scarce, and oats are grown solely in the northern parts near Harbin, and then not in any great quantity. There are only four flour-mills at Harbin, now taken over by the troops. The natives are most unfriendly and will not bring in supplies; hay, which is required for the artillery horses, which are imported from Russia, is most difficult to procure.

In Newchwang the Russians are commandeering all the stores to be obtained there, and the principal firms will find all their goods taken, with a very slight chance of payment in the dim future. There is also a considerable amount of bean-cake for the horses in the bean-mills. When hostilities began there could have been few provisions in Newchwang, as stores are brought up from Shanghai, Tientsin, and Chifu while the port is open, and it has been closed since the middle of December. Port Arthur is in a worse plight, for from the number of steamers reported in the papers to be chartered to bring provisions to Port Arthur, all of which boats will fall into the hands of the Japanese, it is evident that there could not have been very much beyond the ordinary supply regularly kept in the place. At the time of the Boxer scare the Russians had only two thousand men in Port Arthur; then, of course, the fortifications were not completed. It was from Chifu that the Russians obtained their vegetables, cattle, and the ponies on which the ordinary Cossack is mounted. This source of supplies has now been cut off.

It was a strange thing that Ginsberg, the naval contractor to the Russian fleet, should get one of the first shells in his stores on the Bund, and that the Russian bank should have fared similarly. This clearly shows how accurate was the information the Japanese had of Port Arthur, and how well they used that information in directing their fire. Had the mining department of the railway had fair play and proper machinery, their mines at Wha-fang-lien and Mo-chi-san would have proved themselves invaluable during the war. The Russians transport their stores in two-horsed carts with two wheels; and the horsing of these carts will constitute a great difficulty. Doubtless they and the Japanese will use the mule of the country for transport purposes. The Indian Government during the Boxer trouble bought a very considerable number of these mules, and found them most useful. The Russians also largely used them on their advance from Newchwang to Mukden during the Boxer trouble. It will, however, be the feeding and horsing of the field-batteries that will give the authorities the most anxiety.

The Japanese, in contrast with the meat-and-bread-eating Russian, has his ration—rice and dried fruits, roots, and fish—which enables him to get vast assistance from the country in which he is fighting; the Manchurian and Korean eating almost the same food; so that for the majority of his supplies he will not have to fall back on his base in Japan, but can collect from the friendly native.

The system of transporting supplies from Japan is most perfect. All supplies are done up in packages covered in matting, of a size that can be easily lifted by two men. There is therefore no wastage, and the difficulty of transit is reduced to a minimum. These packages are put on steamers, then transferred to smaller tugs, of which the Japs have plenty and the Russians none, then from the tugs to the small boats, where again the Japanese surpasses the Russian, as he is a born boatman. For this reason the Japs seized the waterway to Tientsin in 1900, whereas the Russians seized the railway; and it is beyond doubt that the Japs will use the waterway from Newchwang to Mukden as a means of transport during this, as well as in the China-Japan War. The Japs, on the other hand, having command of the sea, bring their wood from Japan in small bundles, as they did in the time of the Boxer troubles.

From the shore, on which, owing to their light-draught steamers and small boats, they can land with considerable facility at many points, their supplies are transported to bases in light carts, most adaptable to the country they will have to fight in. These vehicles are in strong contrast to the heavy Russian cart. The weak point in the Japanese carts is that they are set too low, but doubtless this was seen during 1900, and has been remedied. Again, the Russians have no corps of transport-men other than the Cossack, whereas the Japanese troops have only to fight, for they bring their own corps of coolies—strong, well-built men, capable of doing the best of work.

These men were tried by the British General in Tientsin, but were found to be failures, as with foreigners they were mutinous, not being at all amenable to our discipline. There can be no doubt that Japan, in both her supply and transport, is as well found and equipped as it is possible for her to be. Japan's arrangements were beyond praise during the Boxer trouble; and doubtless there will be many surprises, such as the island to the south-east of Port Arthur prepared as a torpedo base under the very eyes of the Russian fleet.

Russia has nothing in order, and can depend neither on the railway nor the country for supplies or transport; hence the Viceroy's wise move to Harbin.

PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Balfour has happily resumed his Parliamentary duties after his severe indisposition. In a debate on the national expenditure he proposed to confer with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman on the expediency of giving effect to the recommendations of the Select Committee which reported last July. The Committee made suggestions for increasing Parliamentary control over the Estimates. Mr. Balfour was extremely dubious about them, and hazarded the speculation that expenditure had a fatal and incurable habit of augmenting. The Army and Navy Estimates this year show a decrease of the military and an increase of the naval outlay. Sir Edgar Vincent complained that whereas we kept the Navy at a two-Power standard, the cost was equivalent to a three-and-a-half-Power standard. But Mr. Balfour deprecated this comparison, and suggested that the test was not in the cost of shipbuilding, but in the qualities of the ships when they were built. Without a general war this test seems difficult of application.

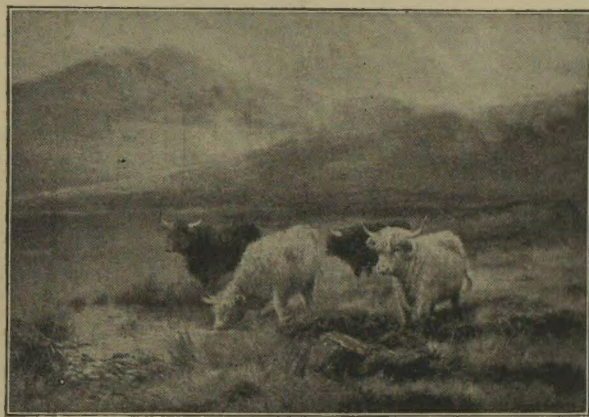
Sir Michael Hicks Beach, while accepting the two-Power standard, was unable to see why our naval expenditure should go on increasing out of proportion to that of Germany and France. France had reduced her expenditure; true, it was only by four hundred pounds, but that was better than a steady increase. Mr. Herbert Roberts proposed that the Government should open negotiations with other maritime Powers for the general reduction of naval armaments. This was supported by the Opposition leaders, and defeated by a majority of fifty-two.

Quite a gloom was thrown over the House of Commons by the news that Sir William Harcourt will retire from political life at the close of the present Parliament. With him will disappear the last of the great Parliamentary fighters of the old school.

MUSIC.

The most noteworthy concert of the last week was on Tuesday evening, Feb. 23, at the Queen's Hall, when Herr Kreisler gave a concert with the programme of three concertos that has become so fashionable lately. Herr Kreisler was supported by the Queen's Hall Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Henry Wood. In performance it is slightly too serious and heavy; but this programme, apart from the magnificent execution of Herr Kreisler, proved especially interesting from his interpretation of d'Erlanger's Concerto in D minor. It has quite beautiful passages of melody. The other concertos were the one of Brahms in D and that of Vieuxtemps in F sharp minor. There was a large audience, who listened with marked enjoyment, judging from the applause. Herr Kreisler is chiefly to be commended for the irreproachable purity of his tone; it would appear, however, that he set himself somewhat too difficult a task, as he appeared at times fatigued.

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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING AT
CAMBRIDGE.

The new buildings which Cambridge University has erected for the study of Law and Medicine were formally opened on March 1 by King Edward, who, accompanied by the Queen and Princess Victoria, took this opportunity of revisiting his Alma Mater. His Majesty, on his arrival, drove to the Senate House, where he was formally received by the Vice-Chancellor, who delivered an address, punctuated by the enthusiastic cheers of the undergraduates. During the Senate House ceremonies his Majesty, wearing the scarlet robes of an LL.D., sat in the carved oak chair used by Charles II. during his visit to the University. In his reply to the address, which outlined the rise and progress of scientific studies at Cambridge, the King referred to his own membership of the University, and to the matriculation at Trinity of the late Duke of Clarence. His Majesty also recalled the visits which Queen Victoria had paid to Cambridge and to the conferring of a degree upon his father, Prince Albert, who was also installed, Chancellor. After the Congregation their Majesties lunched at the Fitzwilliam Museum and then opened the new Medical School, the Squire Law Library, the new Botanical Laboratory, and the Sedgwick Museum, where the King unveiled a statue of Adam Sedgwick, one of the greatest geologists that ever adorned the Woodwardian Chair.

THE KING'S LEVÉE.

For some time past his Majesty has been holding his Levées at Buckingham Palace, but on Feb. 29 he reverted to the ancient tradition, and received Ministers, diplomatists, and officers at St. James's Palace, the internal structure of which has been greatly improved. The change, of course, necessitated a procession from the newer to the older residence, and although his Majesty drove with an escort there were few sight-seers in the Mall, for the day was the most inclement of the year. An address was presented from the House of Commons by Viscount Valentia, Comptroller of the Household, but the event of the Levée was the presentation of the Victoria Cross to Lieutenant-Colonel J. E. Gough, of the Rifle Brigade, in recognition of his distinguished services in Somaliland. There was a full attendance of officials from the Japanese Legation. Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador, is at present absent from London.

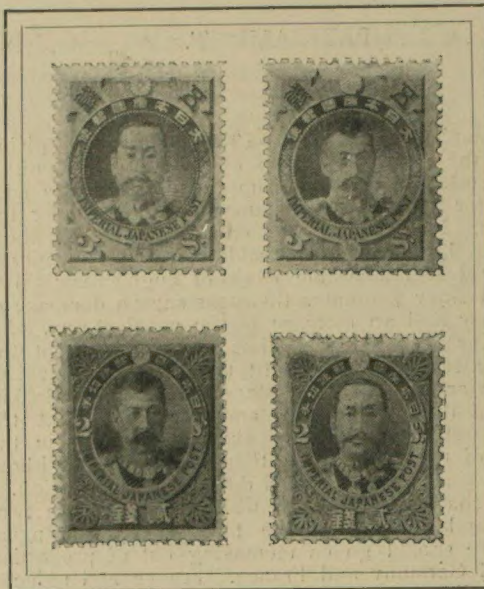
OUR PORTRAITS.

William Lee Plunket, fifth Baron, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of New Zealand in succession to the Earl of Ranfurly, is the head of an Irish family, many members of which have distinguished themselves in the Church and in the public service. His father was the late Archbishop of Dublin and Primate of Ireland; Lord Rathmore is a paternal uncle; Lords Ardilaun and Iveagh his uncles on the distaff side. Lord Plunket, who was born in December 1864, was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Dublin. He was in the diplomatic service for some five years, during which he was attached to the Embassies in Rome and Constantinople. He was private secretary to Lord Cadogan when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and holds a similar position under Lord Dudley. He married Victoria Alexandrina, youngest daughter of the first Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, in 1894.

The death of Sir Edward Sieveking on Feb. 24 removed one of our most distinguished medical men. He was born in London in 1816, and was educated at University College Hospital and Edinburgh University. At the latter school of medicine he graduated in 1841, and thereafter pursued his studies at Berlin and Bonn. His Fellowship of the Royal College of Physicians dates from 1852, and at the time of his decease he was the second oldest Fellow on the roll. He filled many important offices, and was Physician Extraordinary to the King, having previously been Physician in Ordinary to Queen Victoria. He was knighted in 1888. Numerous publications bear his name. Sir Edward founded the Edinburgh University Club in London.

Captain George Howard Fanshawe Abadie, who died of malignant fever at Kano on Feb. 11, earned the C.M.G. for his work during the Kano-Sokoto Campaign,

which comprised the arrangements for the supply of the column, and the furnishing of much of the information that governed its movements. "He accompanied me,"



A JAPANESE PHILATELIC WAR-MEMORIAL: PORTRAIT-STAMPS COMMEMORATING HEROES WHO FELL IN THE CHINO-JAPANESE CONFLICT, 1894.

The portraits are of Prince Kitashirakawa (right top) and Prince Arisugawa (left top). Each occurs on two different values, the 2 sen (carmine) and the 5 sen (violet).



Photo. Hubert.
THE VERY REV. PETER AMIGO,
ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP-ELECT
OF SOUTHWARK.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
LORD PLUNKET,
NEW GOVERNOR OF NEW ZEALAND.



Photo. Maull and Fox.
THE LATE CAPTAIN ABADIE,
DIED OF FEVER AT KANO.



Photo. Whitlock.
VISCOUNT MOREPETH,
NEW M.P. FOR SOUTH BIRMINGHAM.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE CAPTAIN SIR
EDWARD WALTER,
FOUNDER OF THE CORPS OF
COMMISSIONAIRES.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE GEN. SIR A. POWER
PALMER, G.C.B., G.C.I.E.,
FORMERLY COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN
INDIA.



Photo. Russell.
THE LATE SIR EDWARD
SIEVEKING,
PHYSICIAN-EXTRAORDINARY TO THE
KING.



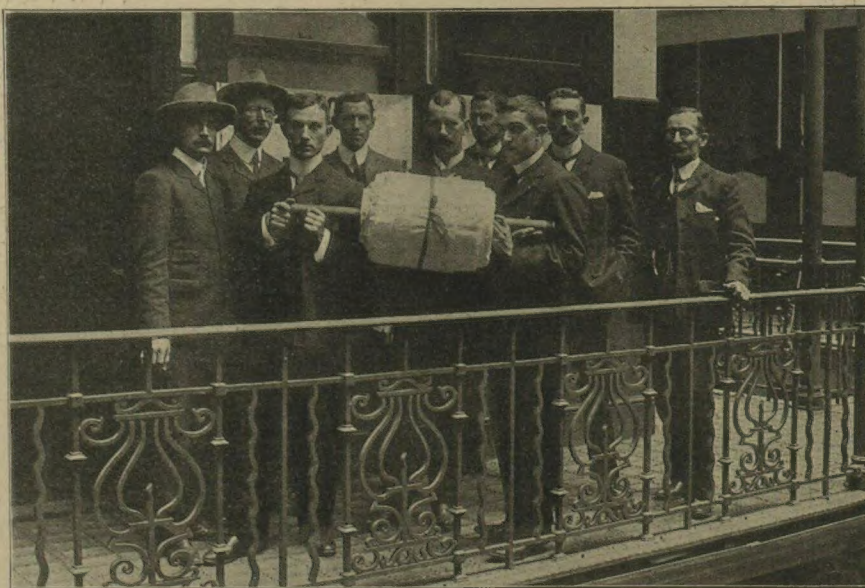
ADMIRAL MAKAROFF,
TO SUCCEED ADMIRAL STARK AT
PORT ARTHUR.

wrote Sir Frederick Lugard in May of last year, "on special service later from Kano to Sokoto and back via Katsena, mapping the whole route, and his services were invaluable to me on this march, which was not devoid of some risk and difficulty." Captain Abadie,

recent defeat was by Mr. John Johnson at Gateshead. The only other official position of moment he has held is that of Progressive member of the London School Board. Lord Morpeth, who is the eldest son of the ninth Earl of Carlisle, was born on March 8, 1867, and married Rhoda, daughter of Colonel Paget W. L'Estrange, in 1894.

With General Kuropatkin, Admiral Makaroff may be said to share popular opinion at this moment in Russia. The gallant Admiral, one of the most distinguished sailors in the Russian Empire, has been entrusted by the Czar with the chief naval command at Port Arthur, replacing Admiral Stark as Naval Commander-in-Chief at that famous fortress. The reputation which Admiral Makaroff bears is recognised throughout Europe, and his name is as familiar in our own service as it is in those of France and America. He is an inventive genius, whose particular abilities have been directed to the improvement of devices which are of importance to his profession. He has seen considerable active service, and during the Russo-Turkish War of 1877 he commanded the *Grand Duke Constantine*, a steamer of the Maritime Company of Odessa, which he transformed into a very effective torpedo-boat. By means of his improvised destroyer he damaged four Turkish war-ships.

We are assured that the health of the German Emperor is now fully restored, that he has quite recovered his voice, and that alarmist rumours are entirely without foundation. His Majesty's impending Mediterranean cruise, upon which a sinister construction was put, is merely the fulfilment of an old project which the Kaiser is very anxious to carry out. He declares that there is nothing to prevent him from starting on the date



THE PETITION FOR CHINESE LABOUR, WITH 45,078 SIGNATURES, PRESENTED TO THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL AT PRETORIA.

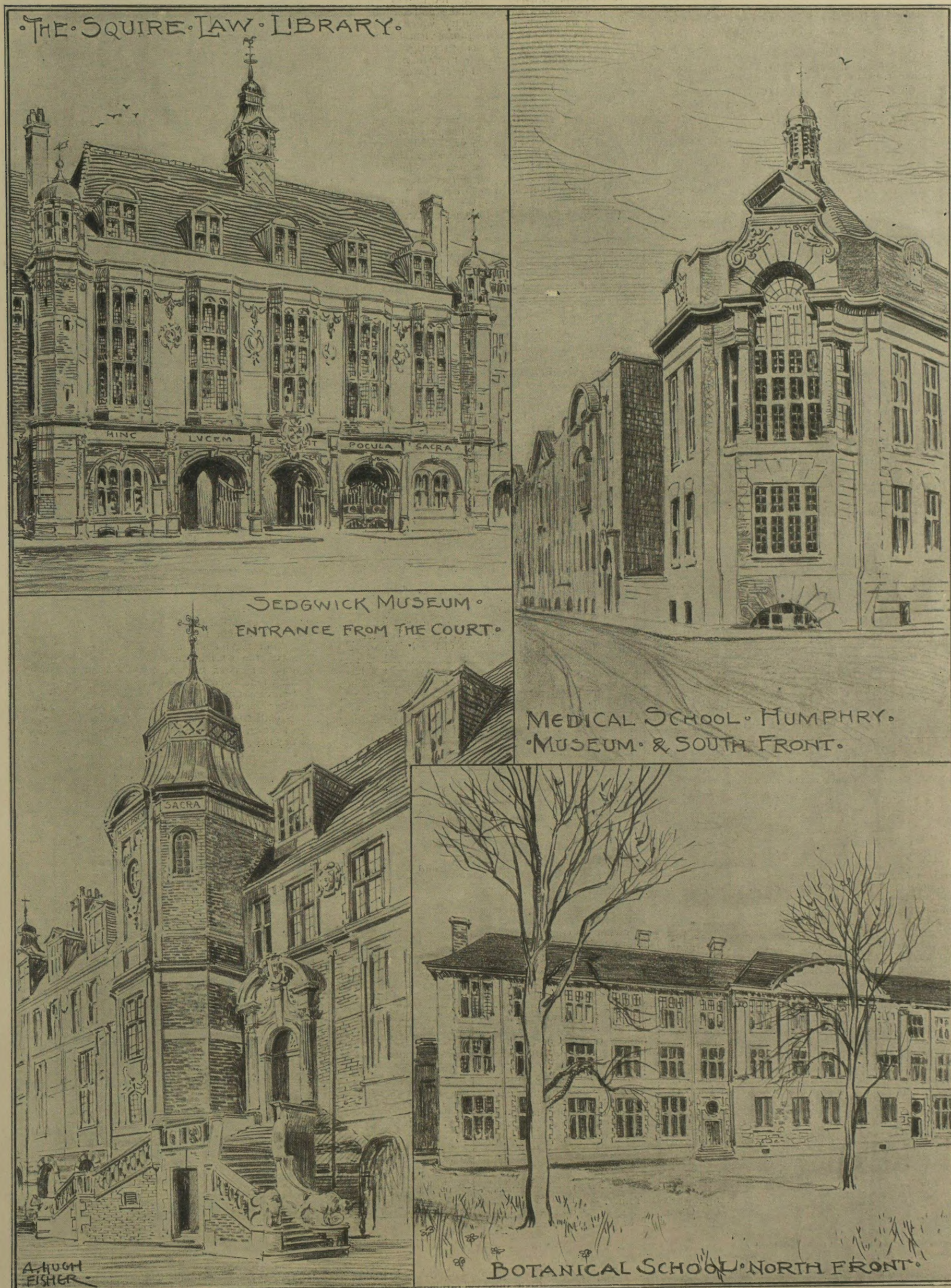
Sir G. Farrar presented the petition, which takes two men to carry it. The group is the staff of the Labour Importation Association.

who belonged to the Manchester Regiment, entered the Army in 1899, and was promoted Captain in 1902.

To Captain Sir Edward Walter, late 8th Hussars, who died on Feb. 26, London owed its Corps of Commissionaires. To many a reservist and maimed soldier he was

THE KING AT CAMBRIDGE: OPENING OF NEW SCIENCE AND LAW BUILDINGS.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



FOR THE BETTER PURSUIT OF LAW AND SCIENCE: THE NEW LIBRARY AND LABORATORIES AT CAMBRIDGE, INAUGURATED BY THE KING, MARCH 1.

The Squire Law Library has been built on the bequest of the late Miss Rebecca Flower Squire, who left £15,000 to the University for the purpose. The new Medical School and Humphry Museum (called after the first Professor of Surgery, Sir G. M. Humphry) have cost £34,000. The Botanical Laboratories have cost £25,000. The Sedgwick Museum has been erected in memory of the great geologist, Adam Sedgwick, who filled the Woodwardian Chair from 1818 to 1873.

fixed, and from this it may possibly be argued that he sees in the Far Eastern crisis no serious menace to the peace of Europe. If the *Spectator* is to be believed, his Imperial Majesty will find in the present crisis his great opportunity. He may, it hints, when hostilities have advanced a little further, endeavour to strike at British prestige by calling upon France to join him in friendly intervention. The difficulty in which this would place French diplomatists is obvious; but, on the other hand, it is not easy to see Germany and France going hand in hand in a mission of ostensible brotherly kindness. Nevertheless, the journal mentioned considers the risk sufficiently great to urge Britain to be beforehand in promising to take up France's Russian insurance in the event of such a move on the part of the Kaiser. It would even recommend

JAPAN AND KOREA.

The new treaty between Japan and Korea offers an interesting contrast to Admiral Alexeieff's proclamation to the people of Manchuria. The Manchurians are bluntly told, although they are Chinese subjects, that they will be "exterminated without mercy" if they show any ill-will to the Russian troops. Moreover, they are held responsible for the safety of the railway, which they did not make and do not want; a railway, moreover, in a country which Russia was under a pledge to evacuate. Japan virtually assumes a Protectorate over Korea, reserving the right to "occupy, when the circumstances require it, such places as may be necessary from a strategical point of view." Probably Korea would rather not be occupied from any point of view; but if this were not done by the Japanese it would be done by the Russians. "The Imperial Government of Japan definitely guarantees the independence and territorial integrity of the Korean Empire." This means that no part of Korea will be permanently occupied by Japan, even under a pledge of evacuation. Nor are the Koreans threatened with extermination. On the whole, the Japanese method of putting a weaker people under tutelage is less aggressive than the Russian method in Manchuria.

ANGLO-SPANISH ARBITRATION.

Great Britain has added to her arbitration treaties by the conclusion on Feb. 27 of an agreement with Spain, in terms of which, differences which may arise of a legal nature, or relating to the interpretation of treaties existing between the two contracting parties, and which diplomacy has failed to settle, shall be referred to the Hague Tribunal, provided that the questions at issue do not affect the vital interests, the independence, or the honour of the contracting States, and do not concern the interests of third parties. A further article provides for a clear preliminary definition of the matters in dispute before the appeal is made, and the present agreement is to last for a period of five years.

THE DUKE'S HEAD PASSAGE FIRE.

A fire which cost seven lives occurred in a coffee-shop in Duke's Head Passage, off Paternoster Row, on Feb. 25. The fire broke out about one o'clock in the morning, and spread rapidly. Although the Fire Brigade was on the spot with life-saving appliances, it was too late to save the inmates of the building. So narrow was the passage that it is certain that the fire-escape would not have been of any use. Fortunately, the flames were prevented from spreading farther, and what might have been a serious peril to the heart of the publishing industry was averted.

THE ESHER MORE ARMY REFORM. Committee are still sweeping the War Office.

A further instalment of their scheme promises a system under which it will be impossible for any administrator to become a fossil. No official may stay at the War Office more than four years. After that period of service he will be succeeded by somebody else. Horrid news for the Barnacle family! Civilians who have hitherto had so much control over military affairs will henceforward have a good deal less. It is recognised that a soldier ought to know more about the Army than any civilian. Our Parliamentary purists will shriek; but this is sound sense. Even the finance of the Army is to be managed by military financiers. In future the Army Council will be quite as responsible and powerful as the civilian Secretary of State, and this wholesome change alone is worth making. Whether the Army will cost less than it does is another matter. But there is at least a prospect of getting something like a decent equivalent for our money.

THE GERMANS' COLONIAL WAR.

A severe but successful action has been fought by the Germans in South-West Africa against the rebellious Herreros. On Feb. 25 a column commanded by Major von Estorff encountered a large body of the rebels about thirty miles east of Omaruru. The enemy had chosen their position with great judgment, and the German artillery could not be brought into action. Towards evening the position was taken by storm, and the Herreros fled eastward, leaving to the Germans five hundred head of cattle and two thousand sheep and goats. Lieutenant-Colonel Schultz was killed, and the other German losses included three officers and two men severely wounded, and one non-commissioned officer and two men slightly wounded.

RUSSIA AND TIBET.

A section of the Russian Press is concerning itself to obviate any strain on Anglo-Muscovite diplomatic relations with regard to the British advance in Tibet. It is given out that the Russian authorities, believing Great Britain's assertion that operations are not for territorial aggrandisement, but simply to make Tibet fulfil her obligations towards India, does not contemplate any intervention. She would interfere with an armed force only if her interests were seriously threatened. While making it clear that the crisis in the Far East does not in any way weaken her military



AN EXHIBIT AT THE ROYAL AMATEUR SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION: "IN THE CLOISTER OF SAN GREGORIO, VENICE."

Photograph by Sir Henry Maxwell-Lyle, K.C.B.

capabilities in other directions, she refuses to believe that Great Britain regards her embroilment with Japan as an opportunity for lessening Russian prestige on the borders of Tibet, Persia, Afghanistan, and India.

THE LYCEUM SALE.

The last act in the history of the Lyceum, as Irving knew it, was played out on the first day of March, when, in view of the conversion of the theatre into a music-hall, the fittings and fixtures came under the hammer. On the previous day all the Thespian "lots," in melancholy array, were opened to public view, and the souvenir-hunters, blind as usual to the distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*, were said to have actually wrenched off brass taps from the hot and cold water service pipes. It has not been announced what is to become of the beautiful Gothic panelling of the dining-room so long occupied by "the Sublime Society of Beefsteaks," who used to meet at the Lyceum every Saturday from November to the end of June.

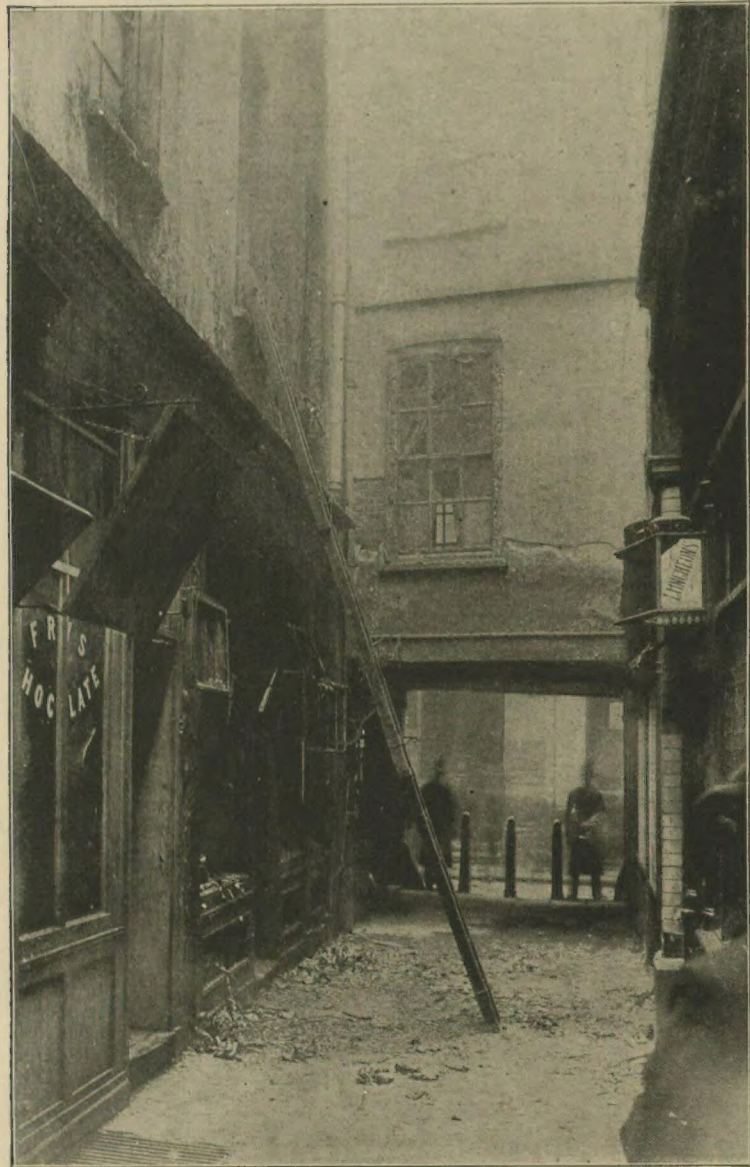
THE ROYAL AMATEUR SOCIETY.

The opening of the annual exhibition of the Royal Amateur Society is fixed for March 5. It will be held this year at Moncorvo House, -66, Ennismore Gardens, S.W., by kind permission of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Gretton. H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany will perform the opening ceremony on the first day. On Sunday it will be open to season-ticket holders only. On Monday the opening ceremony will be performed by the Duchess



AN EFFECT OF THE CHICAGO FIRE: STRUCTURAL ALTERATIONS FOR SAFETY AT THE BERLIN OPERA HOUSE.

of Wellington, and the rooms will remain open until six o'clock on Tuesday evening. The exhibition is held annually in aid of three London charities—the Parochial Mission Women's Fund, the East London Nurses, and the Deptford Fund, in which the Duchess of Albany is specially interested. The Loan Annexe will consist this year of miniatures and drawings by George Engleheart and John Smart, two 18th century masters.



THE SCENE OF THE DISASTROUS CITY FIRE: THE BUILDING IN DUKE'S HEAD PASSAGE WHERE SEVEN PERSONS LOST THEIR LIVES.

FIRST IN A NEW POST: OUR CHIEF MILITARY OFFICIAL UNDER THE REORGANISED SYSTEM.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



THE SUCCESSOR OF THE OLD COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, APPOINTED "INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE FORCES,"
MARCH 1.

THE GREEK CHURCH'S BLESSING FOR A RUSSIAN ADMIRAL ON WAR-SERVICE.

DRAWN BY L. SABATIER.



FATHER JOHN OF CRONSTADT BLESSING ADMIRAL MAKAROFF ON HIS DEPARTURE TO SUCCEED ADMIRAL STARK AT PORT ARTHUR.

Admiral Makaroff, before leaving for the Far East, sought the blessing of Father John of Cronstadt, the priest whose piety and reputed powers of healing and prophecy are famous throughout the Russian Empire from the Baltic to the Pacific. The ceremony took place at St. Andrew's Church, Cronstadt, on February 16. Many officers ordered East attended, confessed in a loud voice, and received benediction. Then Admiral Makaroff remained alone at the altar with the venerable priest, who received his confession and gave him his blessing. The next day the Admiral left for Port Arthur, where he has now arrived.

AN ARTISTIC SACRIFICE TO JAPANESE PATRIOTISM: MR. OKURA'S FAMOUS MUSEUM AT TOKYO, SAID TO HAVE BEEN OFFERED TO AUGMENT THE WAR FUND.

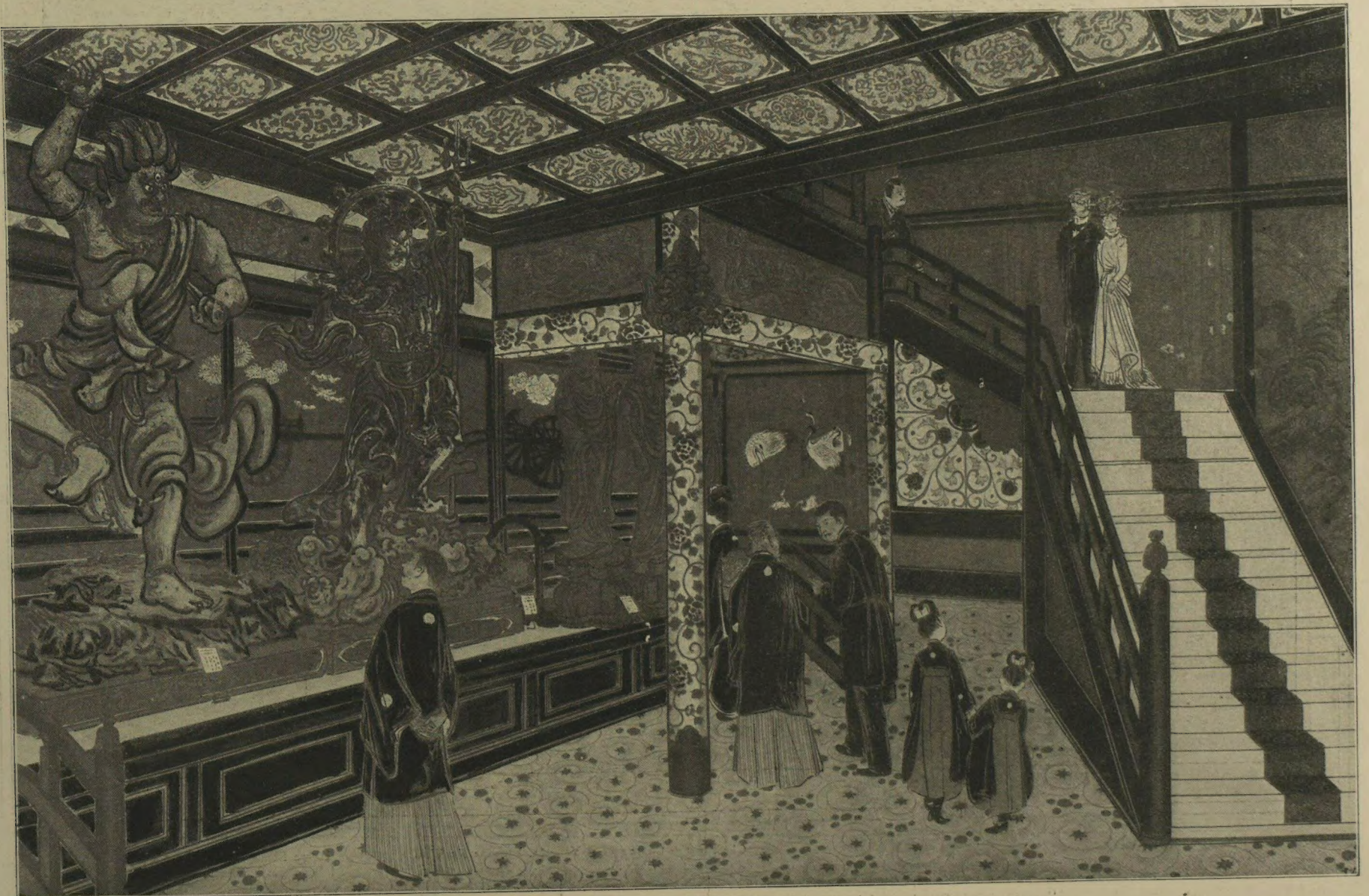
Museum Building.

MR. KIHACHIRO OKURA.



MR. OKURA'S RESIDENCE AT TOKYO, WITH THE PRIVATE MUSEUM ON THE LEFT.

Mr. Kihachiro Okura, one of the most distinguished commercial magnates of Japan, is also one of its most enthusiastic art collectors. His Museum, which is built in a peculiar architectural style, being a combination of Indian, Chinese, and Japanese styles, is one of the sights of Tokyo.



THE INTERIOR OF MR. OKURA'S MUSEUM AT TOKYO.

A noteworthy point about this Museum, besides the marvels it contains, is that the interior work is built up by materials collected from old temples and castles, so that these accessories are treasures in themselves. The collection is open to foreign visitors in Tokyo, if they obtain letters from foreign Legations and Consulates. These Illustrations (from native Japanese colour-prints) were lent, at our request, by Messrs. Okura and Co.

A POWERFUL MELODRAMA OF BASQUE PEASANT LIFE AT A LONDON THEATRE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



Mouzon, an Examining Magistrate
(Mr. Arthur Bourchier).

Clerk of the Court
(Mr. Arthur Chesney).

Yanetta, Etchepare's Wife
(Miss Violet Vanbrugh).

Pierre Etchepare, the Accused
(Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw).

"THE ARM OF THE LAW," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE: THE INTERROGATION SCENE.

The play, which is a translation of "La Robe Rouge," of Brioux, is intended to expose a flaw in the French criminal procedure, which strives to wring a confession from the prisoner before his trial.

The Last Hope

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

It was in the Rue Lafayette that John Turner had his office, and when he emerged from it into that long street on the evening of the 25th of August, 1850, he ran against, or he was rather run against by, the newsboy, who shrieked as he pattered along in lamentable boots and waved a sheet in the face of the passer, "The King is dead! The King is dead!"

And Paris—the city that soon forgets—smiled, and asked, "What King?"

Louis Philippe was dead in England, at the age of seventy-seven, the bad son of a bad father, another of those adventurers whose happy hunting-ground always has been, always will be, France.

John Turner, like many who are slow in movement, was quick in thought. He perceived at once that the death of Louis Philippe left the field open to the next adventurer, for he left behind him no son of his own mettle.

Turner went back to his office, where, at the bottom of the largest safe, the portrait of an unknown lady of the period of Louis XVI. lay concealed. He wrote out a telegram to Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence, addressed to her at her villa near Royan, and then proceeded to his dinner with the grave face of the careful critic.

The next morning he received the answer, at his breakfast-table in the apartment he had long occupied in the Avenue d'Antin. But he did not open the envelope. He had telegraphed to Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence asking if it would be convenient for her to put him up for a few days. And he suspected that it would not.

"When I am gone," he said to his well-trained servant, "put that into an envelope and send it after me to the Villa Cordouan, Royan. Pack my portmanteau for a week."

Thus John Turner set out southward to join a party of those Royalists whom his father before him had learnt to despise. And, in a manner, he was pre-armed, for he knew that he would not be welcome. It was in those days a long journey; for the railway was laid no farther than Tours, from whence the traveller must needs post to La Rochelle and there take a boat to Royan—that shallow harbour at the mouth of the Gironde.

"Must have a change of cooking," he explained to Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence. "Doctor says I am getting too stout."

He shook her deliberately by the hand without appearing to notice her blank looks.

"So I came south, and shall finish up at Biarritz, which they say is going to be fashionable. I hope it is not inconvenient for you to give me a bed—a solid one—for a night or two."

"Oh, no!" answered Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence, who had charming manners, and was one of those fortunate persons who are never at a loss. "Did you not receive my telegram?"

"Telling me you were counting the hours till my arrival?"

"Well," admitted Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence, wisely reflecting that he would ultimately see the telegram, "hardly so fervent as that."

"Good Lord!" interrupted Turner, looking behind her towards the verandah, which was cool and shady, where two men were seated near a table bearing coffee-cups. "Who is that?"

"Which?" asked Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence, without turning to follow the direction of his glance.

"Oh! one is Dormer Colville; I see that. But the other—gad!"

"Why do you say 'Gad'?" asked the lady with surprise.

"Where did he get that face from?" was the reply.

Turner took off his hat and mopped his brow; for it was very hot, and the August sun was setting over a copper sea.

"Where we all get our faces from, I suppose!" answered Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence with her easy laugh. She was always mistress of the situation. "The heavenly warehouse, one supposes. His name is Barebone. He is a friend of Dormer's."

"Any friend of Dormer Colville's commands my interest."

Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence glanced quickly at her companion beneath the shade of her lace-trimmed parasol.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked in a voice suddenly hard and resentful.

"That he chooses his friends well," returned the banker with his guileless smile. His face was bovine, and in the heat of summer apt to be shiny. No one would attribute an inner meaning to a stout person thus outwardly brilliant. Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence appeared

to be mollified, and turned towards the house with a gesture inviting him to walk with her.

"I will be frank with you," she said. "I telegraphed to tell you that the Villa Cordouan is for the moment, unfortunately, filled with guests."

"What matter? I will go to the hotel. In fact, I told the driver of my carriage to wait for further orders. I half feared that at this time of year, you know, the house would be full. I'll just shake hands with Colville, and then be off. You will let me come in after dinner, perhaps. You and I must have a talk about money, you will remember."

There was no time to answer; for Dormer Colville, perceiving their approach, was already hurrying down the steps of the verandah to meet them. He laughed as he came, for John Turner's bulk made him a laughing matter in the eyes of most men, and his good-humour seemed to invite them to frank amusement.

The greeting was therefore jovial enough on both sides; and after being introduced to Loo Barebone,

English banker complacently installed in the largest chair with a shirt-front evading the constraint of an abnormal waistcoat, and a sleepy chin drooping surreptitiously towards it.

"He is my banker from Paris," whispered Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence to one and another. "He knows nothing, and, so far as I am aware, is no politician—merely a banker, you understand. Leave him alone and he will go to sleep."

During the three weeks which Loo Barebone had spent very pleasantly at the Villa Cordouan, Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence had provided music and light refreshment for her friends on several occasions. And each evening the drawing-room, which was not a small one, had been filled to overflowing. Friends brought their friends and introduced them to the hostess, who, in turn, presented them to Barebone. Some came from a distance, driving from Saintes or La Rochelle or Pons. Others had taken houses for the bathing season at Royan itself.

"He never makes a mistake," said the hostess to Dormer Colville behind her fan a hundred times, following with her shrewd eyes the gay and easy movements of Loo Barebone, who seemed to be taught by some instinct to suit his manner to his interlocutor.

To-night there was more music and less conversation.

"Play him to sleep," Dormer Colville had said to his cousin. And at length John Turner succumbed to the soft effect of a sonata. He even snored in the shade of a palm; and the gaiety of the proceedings in no way suffered.

It was only Colville who seemed uneasy, and always urged any who were talking earnestly to keep out of earshot of the sleeping Englishman. Once or twice he took Barebone by the arm and led him to the other end of the room; for he was always the centre of the liveliest group and led the laughter there.

"Oh! but he is charming, my dear," more than one guest whispered to Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence as they took their departure.

"He will do—he will do!" the men said, with a new light of hope in their grave faces.

Nearly all had gone when John Turner at length woke up. Indeed, Colville threw a book upon the floor to disturb his placid sleep.

"I will come round to-morrow," he said, bidding his hostess good-night. "I have some papers for you to sign, since you are determined to sell your Rentes and leave the money idle at your Bank."

"Yes; I am quite determined," she answered gaily; for she was before her time, inasmuch as she was what is known in these days of degenerate speech as 'cocksure.'

And when John Turner, carrying a bundle of papers, presented himself at the Villa Cordouan next morning he found Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence sitting alone in the verandah.

"Dormer and his friend have left me to my own devices. They have gone away," she mentioned casually in the course of conversation.

"Suddenly?"

"Oh, no," she answered carelessly, and wrote her name in a clear, firm hand on the document before her.

And John Turner looked dense.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE BREACH.

The Marquis de Gemosac was sitting at the open window of the little drawing-room in the only habitable part of the château. From his position he looked across the courtyard towards the garden where stiff cypress-trees stood sentry among the mignonette and the roses, now in the full glory of their autumn bloom.

Beyond the garden the rough outline of the walls cut a straight line across the distant plains which melted away into the haze of the marshlands by the banks of the Gironde far to the westward.

The Marquis had dined. They dined early in those days in France, and coffee was still served after the evening meal. The sun was declining towards the sea in a clear, copper-coloured sky; but a fresh breeze was blowing in from the estuary to temper the heat of the later rays.



She took two steps downward from stone to stone.

Mr. Turner took his leave without further defining his intentions for the evening.

"I do not think it matters much," Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence said to her two guests when he had left. "And he may not come, after all."

Her self-confidence sufficiently convinced Loo, who was always ready to leave something to chance. But Colville shook his head.

It thus came about that sundry persons of title and importance who had been invited to come to the Villa Cordouan after dinner for a little music found the

The Marquis was beating time with one finger, and within the room, to an impromptu accompaniment invented by Juliette, Barebone was singing—

C'est le Hasard,
Qui, tôt ou tard,
Ici-bas nous seconde;
Car,
D'un bout du monde
À l'autre bout,
Le Hasard seul fait tout.

He broke off with a laugh, in which Juliette's low voice joined.

"That is splendid, Mademoiselle," he cried, and the Marquis clapped his thin hands together—

Un tel qu'on vantait
Par hasard était
D'origine assez mince;
Par hasard il plut,
Par hasard il fut
Baron, ministre et prince:
C'est le Hasard,
Qui, tôt ou tard,
Ici-bas nous seconde;
Car,
D'un bout du monde
À l'autre bout,
Le Hasard seul fait tout.

"There—that is all I know. It is the only song I sing."

"But there are other verses," said Juliette, resting her hands on the keys of the wheezy spinet, which must have been a hundred years old. "What are they about?"

"I do not know, Mademoiselle," he answered, looking down at her. "I think it is a love song."

She had pinned some mignonette, strong-scented as autumn mignonette is, in the front of her muslin dress, and the heavy heads had dragged the stems to one side. She put the flowers in order slowly, and then bent her head to enjoy the scent of them.

"It scarcely sounds like one," she said, in a low and inquiring voice. The Marquis was a little deaf. "Is it all chance then?"

"Oh, yes," he answered, with his ready laugh; and as he spoke, without lowering his voice, she played softly on the old piano the simple melody of his song. "It is all chance, Mademoiselle. Did they not tell you that at the convent school at Saintes?"

But she was not in a humour to join in his ready laughter. The room was rosy with the glow of the setting sun; she breathed the scent of the mignonette at every breath; the air which she had picked out on the spinet, in unison with his clear and sympathetic voice, had those minor tones and slow, slurring from note to note which are characteristic of the gay and tearful songs of Southern France and all Spain. None of which things are conducive to gaiety when one is young.

She glanced at him with one quick turn of the head, and made no answer. But she played the air over again—the girls sing it to this day over their household work at Farlingford to other words—with her foot on the soft pedal. The Marquis hummed it between his teeth at the other end of the room.

"This room is hot!" she exclaimed suddenly; and rose from her seat, without troubling to finish the melody.

"And that window will not open, Mademoiselle; for I have tried it," added Barebone, watching her impatient movements.

"Then I am going into the garden," she said, with a sharp sigh and a wilful toss of the head.

It was not his fault that the setting sun, against which, as many have discovered, men shut their doors, should happen to be burning hot, or that the window would not open. But Juliette seemed to blame him for it, or for something else perhaps. One never knows.

Barebone did not follow her at once, but stood by the window talking to the Marquis, who was in a reminiscent humour. The old man interrupted his own narrative, however.

"There," he cried, "is Juliette on that wall overhanging the river. It is where the English effected a breach long ago, my friend—you need not smile, for you are no Englishman—and the château has only been taken twice through all the centuries of fighting. There! She ventures still farther. I have told her a hundred times that the wall is unsafe."

"Shall I go and warn her the hundred and first time?" asked Loo willingly enough.

"Yes, my friend, do. And speak to her severely. She is only a child, remember."

"Yes—I will remember that."

Juliette did not seem to hear his approach across the turf where the goats fed now, but stood with her back towards him, a few feet below him, actually in that breach effected long ago by those pestilential English. They must have prised out the great stones with crowbars, and torn them down with their bare hands.

Juliette was looking over the vineyards towards the river which gleamed across the horizon. She was humming to herself the last lines of the song—

D'un bout du monde
À l'autre bout,
Le Hasard seul fait tout.

She turned with a pretty swing of her skirts to gather them in her hand.

"You must go no further, Mademoiselle," said Loo.

She stopped, half bending to take her skirt, but did not look back. Then she took two steps downward from stone to stone. The blocks were half embedded in the turf and looked ready to fall under the smallest additional weight.

"It is not I who say so; but your father who sent me," explained the admonisher from above.

"Since it is all chance . . ." she said, looking downward.

She turned suddenly and looked up at him with that impatience which gives way in later life to a philosophy infinitely to be dreaded when it comes; for its real name is Indifference.

Her movements were spasmodic and quick, as if something angered her, she knew not what; as if she wanted something, she knew not what.

"I suppose," she said, "that it was chance that saved our lives that night two months ago, out there."

And she stood with one hand stretched out behind her pointing towards the estuary, which was quiet enough now, looking up at him with that strange anger or new disquietude—it was hard to tell which—glowing in her eyes. The wind fluttered her hair, which was tied low down with a ribbon in the mode named "à la diable" by some French wit with a sore heart in an old man's breast. For none other could have so aptly described it.

"All chance, Mademoiselle," he answered looking over her head towards the river.

"And it would have been the same had it been only Marie or Marie and Jean in the boat with you?"



She sat
down on
the low
wall.

"The boat would have been as solid and the ropes as strong . . ."

"And you?" asked the girl with a glance from her persistent eyes.

"Oh, no!" he answered with a laugh. "I should not have been the same. But you must not continue to stand there, Mademoiselle; the wall is unsafe."

She shrugged her shoulders and stood with half-averted face looking down at the vineyards which stretched away to the dunes by the river. Her cheeks were oddly flushed.

"Your father sent me to say so," continued Loo, "and if he sees that you take no heed he will come himself to learn why."

Juliette gave a curt laugh and climbed the declivity towards him. The argument was, it seemed, a sound one. When she reached his level he made a step or two along the path that ran round the enceinte—not towards the house, but away from it. She accepted the tacit suggestion—not tacitly, however.

"Shall we not go and tell papa we have returned without mishap?" she amended with a light laugh.

"No, Mademoiselle," he answered. It was his turn to be grave now, and she glanced at him with a gleam of satisfaction beneath her lids. But she was not content with that, but wished to make him angry. So she laughed again, and they would have quarrelled if he had not kept his lips firmly closed and looked straight in front of him.

They passed between the unfinished ruin known as the Italian House and the rampart. The Italian House screened them from the windows of that portion of the ancient stabling which the Marquis had made habitable when he bought back the Château of Gemosac from the descendant of an adventurous Republican to whom the estate had been awarded in the days of the Terror. A walk of lime-trees bordered that part of the garden which

lies to the west of the Italian House, and no other part was visible from where Juliette paused to watch the sun sink below the distant horizon. Loo was walking a few paces behind her, and when she stopped he stopped also. She sat down on the low wall, but he remained standing.

Her profile, clear-cut and delicate with its short chin and beautifully curved lips, its slightly aquiline nose and crisp hair rising in a bold curve from her forehead, was outlined against the sky. He could see the gleam of the western light in her eyes, which were half averted. While she watched the sunset, he watched her with a puzzled expression about his lips.

He remembered, perhaps, the Marquis's last words—that Juliette was only a child. He knew that she could in all human calculation know nothing of the world; that, at least, she could have learnt nothing of it in the convent where she had been educated. So if she knew anything, she must have known it before she went there, which was impossible. She knew nothing, therefore, and yet she was not a child. As a matter of fact, she was the most beautiful woman Loo Barebone had ever seen. He was thinking that, as she sat on the low wall, swinging one slipper, half falling from her foot, watching the sunset, while he watched her and noted the anger slowly dying from her eyes as the light faded from the sky. That strange anger went down, it would appear, with the sun. After the long silence—when the low bars of red cloud lying across the western sky were fading from pink to grey—she spoke at last in a voice which he had never heard before, gentle and confidential.

"When are you going away?" she asked.

"To-night."

And he knew that the very hour of his departure was known to her already.

"And when will you come back?"

"As soon as I can," he answered half involuntarily. There was a turn of the head half towards him, something expectant in the tilt at the corner of her parted lips, which made it practically impossible to make any other answer.

"Why?" she asked in little more than a whisper; then she broke into a gay laugh and leapt off the wall. She walked quickly past him.

"Why?" she repeated over her shoulder as she passed him. And he was too quick for her, for he caught her hand and touched it with his lips before she jerked it away from him.

"Because you are here," he answered with a laugh. But she was grave again, and looked at him with a queer, searching glance before she turned away and left him standing in the half-light . . . thinking of Miriam Liston.

CHAPTER XX.

"NINETEEN."

As Juliette returned to the Gate House she encountered her father walking arm-in-arm with Dormer Colville. The presence of the Englishman within the enceinte of the château was probably no surprise to her; for she must have heard the clang of the bell just within the gate, which could not be opened from outside, by which alone access was gained to any part of the château.

Colville was in riding-costume. It was, indeed, his habitual dress when living in France; for he made no concealment of his partnership in a well-known business-house in Bordeaux.

"I am a sleeping partner," he would say with that easy flow of egotistic confidence which is the surest way of learning somewhat of your neighbour's private affairs. "I am a sleeping partner at all times except the vintage, when I awake and ride round among the growers to test their growth."

It was too early yet for these journeys, for the grapes were hardly ripe. But any who wished to move from place to place must needs do so in the saddle in a country where land is so valuable that the width of a road is grudged and bridle-ways are deemed good enough for the passage of the long and narrow carts that carry wine.

Ever since their somewhat precipitate departure from the Villa Cordouan at Royan, Dormer Colville and Barebone had been in company. They had stayed together in one friend's house or another. Sometimes they enjoyed the hospitality of a château and at others put up with the scanty accommodation of a priest's house or the apartment of a retired military officer in one of those little towns of Provincial France at which the cheap journalists of Paris are pleased to sneer without ceasing.

They avoided the large towns with extraordinary care.

"Why should we go to towns?" asked Colville jovially, "when we have business in the country and the sun is still high in the sky?"

"Yes," he would reply to the questions of an indiscreet fellow-traveller at table or on the road. "Yes, I am a buyer of wine. We are buyers of wine. We are travelling from place to place to watch the growth. For the wine is hidden in the grape—and the grape is ripening."

And as often as not the chance acquaintance of an inn déjeuner would catch the phrase and repeat it thoughtfully.

"Ah! is that so?" he would ask, with a sudden glance at Dormer Colville's companion, who had hitherto passed unobserved as the silent subordinate of a large buyer—learning his trade, no doubt. "The grape is ripening. Good."

And as sure as he seemed to be struck with this statement of a self-evident fact, he would in the next

few minutes bring the numeral "nineteen," *tant bien que mal*, into his conversation.

"With nineteen days of sun the vintage will be upon us," he would say; or—

"I have but nineteen kilomètres more of road before me to-day."

Indeed, it frequently happened that the word came in very inappropriately, as if tugged heroically to the front by a clumsy conversationalist.

There is no hazard of life so certain to discover sympathy or antagonism as travel; a fact which points to the wisdom of beginning married life with a journey. The majority of people like to know the worst at once. To travel, however, with Dormer Colville was a liberal education in the virtues. No man could be less selfish or less easily fatigued. Which are the two bases upon which rest all the stumbling-blocks of travel.

Up to a certain point, Barebone and Dormer Colville became fast friends during the month that elapsed between their departure from Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence's house and their arrival at the inn at Gemosac. The White Horse at Gemosac was no better and no worse than any other White Horse in any other small town of France. It was, however, better than the principal inn of a town of the same size in any other habitable part of the globe.

There were many reasons why the Marquis de Gemosac had yielded to Colville's contention that the time had not yet come for Loo Barebone to be his guest at the château.

"He is inclined to be indolent," Colville had whispered. "One recognises in many traits of character the source from whence his blood is drawn. He will not exert himself so long as there is someone else at hand who is prepared to take trouble. He must learn that it is necessary to act for himself. He needs rousing. Let him travel through France and see for himself that of which he has as yet only learnt at second-hand. That will rouse him."

And the journey through the valleys of the Garonne and the Dordogne had been undertaken.

Another, greater journey was now afoot, to end at no less a centre of political life than Paris. A start was to be made this evening, and Dormer Colville had come to report that all was ready and the horses at the gate.

"If there were scenes such as this for all of us to linger in, Mademoiselle," he said, lifting his face to the western sky and inhaling the scent of the flowers growing knee-deep all around him, "men would accomplish little in their brief lifetime."

His eyes, dreamy and reflective, wandered over the scene, and paused just for a moment in passing on Juliette's face. She continued her way, with no other answer than a smile.

"She grows, my dear Marquis, she grows every minute of the day, and wakes up a new woman every morning," said Colville, in a confidential aside; and he went forward to meet Loo with his accustomed laugh of good-fellowship. He whom the world calls a good fellow is never a wise man.

Barebone walked towards the gate without joining in the talk of his companions. He was thoughtful and uneasy. He had come to say good-bye and nothing else. He was wondering if he had really meant what he said.

"Come," interrupted Colville's smooth voice, "we must get into the saddle and be gone. I was just telling Monsieur and Mademoiselle Juliette that any man might be tempted to linger at Gemosac until the active years of a lifetime had rolled by."

The Marquis made the needful reply, hoping that he might yet live to see Gemosac, and not only Gemosac, but a hundred châteaux like it, reawakened to their ancient glory, and thrown open to welcome the Restorer of their fallen fortunes.

Colville looked from one to the other, and then, with his foot in the stirrup, turned to look at Juliette, who had followed them to the gate.

"And Mademoiselle," he said: "will she wish us good luck also? Alas! those times are gone when we could have asked for her ribbon to wear and to fight for between ourselves when we are tired and cross at the end of a journey. Come, Barebone—into the saddle."

They waited, both looking at Juliette, for she had not spoken.

"I wish you good luck," she said at length, patting the neck of Colville's horse, her face wearing a little mystic smile, which seemed to suggest that

even a convent school cannot shut worldly wisdom out of its doors.

Thus they departed at sunset on a journey of which old men will still talk in certain parts of France. Here and there in the Angoumois, in Guienne, in the Vendée, and in the western parts of Brittany the student of forgotten history may find an old priest who will still persist in dividing France into the ancient provinces, and will tell how Hope rode through the Royalist country when he himself was busy at his first cure.

The journey lasted nearly two months, and before they passed north of the Loire at Nantes and quitted the wine country, the vintage was over.

"We must say that we are cider-merchants, that is all," observed Dormer Colville when they crossed the river which has always been the great divider of France.

"He is sobering down. I believe he will become serious," wrote he to the Marquis de Gemosac. But he took care to leave Loo Barebone as free as possible.

"I am in a way a compulsory pilot," he explained airily to his companion. "The ship is yours, and you probably know more about the shoals than I do. You must have felt that a hundred times when you were at

after dark to take a glass of wine with them at their inn sent it farther into the past; every provincial noble greeting him on the step of his remote and quiet house added a note to the drumming reality which dominated his waking moments and disturbed his sleep at night.

Day by day they rode on, passing through two or three villages between such halts as were needed by the horses. At every hamlet, in the large villages where they rested and had their food, at the remote little town where they passed a night, there was always someone expecting them who came and talked of the weather and more or less skilfully brought in the numeral "nineteen." "Nineteen! Nineteen!" It was a watchword all over France.

Long before, on the banks of the Dordogne, Loo had asked his companion why that word had been selected—what it meant.

"It means Louis XIX.," replied Dormer Colville gravely.

And now, as they rode through a country so rural, so thinly populated and remote that nothing like it may be found in these crowded islands, the number seemed to follow them, or rather to pass on before them and await their coming.

Often Dormer Colville would point silently with his whip to the numerals scrawled on a gatepost or written across a wall. At this time France was mysteriously flooded with cheap portraits of the Great Napoleon. It was before the days of pictorial advertisement, and young ladies who wished to make an advantageous marriage had no means of advertising the fact and themselves in supplements to illustrated papers. The walls of inns and shops and "diligence" offices were therefore bare than they are to-day. And from these bare walls stared out at this time the well-known face of the Great Napoleon. It was an innovation, and as such readily enough accepted.

At every fair, at the great fête of St. Jean—at St. Jean d'Angely—and a hundred other fêtes of purely local notoriety, at least one hawk of cheap lithographs was to be found. And if the buyer haggled, he could get the portrait of the great Emperor for almost nothing.

"One cannot print it at such a cost," the seller assured his purchasers, which was no less than the truth.

The fairs were and are to this day the link between the remoter villages and the world, and the peasants carried home with them a picture for the first time to hang on their walls. Thus the Prince President fostered the Napoleonic legend.

Dormer Colville would walk up to these pictures and would turn and look over his shoulder at Barebone with a short laugh. For as often as not the numerals were scrawled across the face in pencil.

But Barebone had ceased to laugh at the constant repetition now. Soon Colville ceased to point out the silent witness, for he perceived that Loo was looking for it himself, detecting its absence with a gleam of determination in his eyes, or noting its recurrence with a

sharp sigh as of the consciousness of a great responsibility.

Thus the reality was gradually forced upon him that that into which he had entered half in jest was no jest at all; that he was moving forward on a road which seemed easy enough, but of which the end was not perceptible; neither was there any turning to one side or the other.

All men who have made a mark—whether it be a guiding or a warning sign to those that follow—must at one moment of their career have perceived their road before them, thus. Each must have realised that once set out upon that easy path, there is no turning aside and no turning back. And many have chosen to turn back while there was yet time, leaving the mark unmade. For most men are cowards and shun responsibility. Most men unconsciously steer their way by proverb or catchword; and all the wise saws of all the nations preach cowardice.

Loo Barebone saw his road now and Colville knew that he saw it.

When they crossed the Loire, they passed the crisis, and Colville breathed again like one who had held his breath for long. Those colder, sterner men of Brittany, who in later times compared notes with the nobles of Guienne and the Vendée, seemed to talk of a different man; for they spoke of one who rarely laughed and never turned aside from a chosen path which was in no wise bordered by flowers.

(To be continued.)



"I wish you good luck,"
she said at length.

sea with that solemn old sailor Captain Clubbe. And yet before you could get into port you found yourself forced to take the compulsory pilot on board and make him welcome with such grace as you could command, feeling all the while that he did not want to come and you could have done as well without him. So you must put up with my company as gracefully as you can, remembering that you can drop me as soon as you are in port."

And surely none other could have occupied an uncomfortable position so gracefully.

Barebone found that he had not much to do. He soon accommodated himself to a position which required nothing more active than a ready ear and a gracious patience. For day by day, almost hour by hour, it was his lot to listen to protestations of loyalty to a cause which smouldered none the less hotly because it was hidden from the sight of the Prince President's spies.

And, as Colville had predicted, Barebone sobered down. He would ride now, hour after hour in silence, whereas, at the beginning of the journey he had talked gaily enough, seeing a hundred humorous incidents in the passing events of the day, laughing at the recollection of an interview with some provincial notable who had fallen behind the times, or jesting readily enough with such as showed a turn for joking on the road.

But now the unreality of his singular change of fortune was vanishing. Every village priest who came

THE "LITTLE FATHER'S" CHILDREN: THE CZAR'S MOTLEY EMPIRE

Drawings by Percy F. S. Spence;



SUBJECTS OF NICHOLAS II. IN EUROPEAN AND ASIATIC RUSSIA.

AND VAST RECRUITING GROUND FOR HIS FAR - EASTERN WAR.

MAP BY A. HUGH FISHER.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

MORE ABOUT RADIUM RAYS.

Research in connection not only with radium and its rays or emanations, but also into the curious properties of the lately discovered N-rays (so called from the town of Nancy, where M. Blondlot discovered them), has been actively proceeding of late days. It is perhaps, therefore, desirable that I should refer to this topic by way of showing how the progress of science is gradually opening up before us new and interesting vistas that lead us towards hitherto unsuspected phases in the constitution of matter and the play of energy. The N-rays can be obtained from an Auer gas-burner, and I believe the incandescent burner of our homes is also credited with their production. The further investigation of these rays is, of course, necessary before exact knowledge of their penetrative power can be obtained.

Within the past few days experimenters have announced another interesting phase of this wide topic under the intelligence that the human body is itself actually a source of rays. These emanate, it appears, from our muscles and our nerves. It was while studying N-rays that M. Charpentier noted the existence of what we may term human rays on a fluorescent screen. The screen is composed of zincblende, represented by a thin film resting on paper or on goldbeater's skin. The ultra-violet rays are allowed to play on the screen, while sunlight or magnesium light is equally effective. Then the light of the screen is lessened, until it practically remains in a stable and lowered state, when, on a muscle being made to contract under the screen, it is seen to be illuminated, or, at least, its radiance increases. This is a most interesting experiment, regarded from more than one point of view. Apart from the fact that living tissues apparently emit special waves, the further idea might be entertained that such waves, under special conditions, might be regarded as capable of affecting other living bodies.

One has no grounds at present for asserting even the probability of such an occurrence, but the idea is not an impossible one. If the power of muscle and nerve rays to penetrate the tissues of other living bodies at a distance could be demonstrated, we might find in such facts an explanation of the phenomena to which the name of "telepathy" has been given. I am not concerned here with the evidence *pro* or *con*. the notion that we can be affected by thought-waves or emanations coming from a distance and bringing us into sympathy with the individuals from whom the waves originate. All I mean to suggest is, that if such telepathic phenomena can be proved to occur, we might find a physical explanation in the existence of muscle and nerve rays, apart from any superstitious theories regarding telepathy such as have from time to time been advanced.

It is in the case of radium rays that research has advanced with the greatest rapidity, and with the most satisfactory results. Recently I alluded to experimentation made with the view of noting the effects of radium rays on living tissues. That they are capable of giving rise to very definite symptoms when placed near the skin is proved beyond doubt. A small piece of a radium preparation carried in an experimenter's vest-pocket for two hours resulted in the production of skin-inflammation, which, after showing activity for a fortnight, ended in the development of an ulcer, which, it is reported, did not heal for some months. It is curious that this definite action on the skin appears to be gradually produced. There is no instantaneous effect. It is as if the radium rays undermine the vitality of the tissues in the most insidious and gradual fashion, so that only after an interval of some days—accounts say up to twenty days—active symptoms intervene. Yet another most curious fact is that if radium be placed under the skin, the effect is much less marked than if its rays are allowed to penetrate through the outer and intact skin. This result is due to the greater absorptive power of the latter tissue.

We are also told that the nervous system is highly susceptible to the influence of radium, although it is added that where nerve centres are enclosed within bone the latter investment limits the effects. Nor is it necessary that there should be close contact with radium in order that distinct results may follow. That the rays can act on distant objects is a matter of certainty, but the length of their tether in this respect is at present uncertain.

An American journal, with all the enterprise—often far ahead of scientific probabilities in its trend—characteristic of the nation, recently devoted a good deal of space to the discussion of the question of radium rays being utilised for the purpose of giving sight to the blind. I need not say that blindness is a condition dependent upon many different conditions, and the view that all cases of this affliction should be equally amenable to one agent—even supposing cure possible—is, of course, utterly untenable. Certain interesting results, however, have accrued from experimentation with radium on the blind. It appears that a sensation as of light is experienced when radium is brought near to the blind eyes. This is the case with the totally blind, but where blind people possess the ability to distinguish between darkness and light without the power of defining the shape of anything, it would seem that in the dark they can make out the forms of objects on a screen which radium rays light up. All these results are interesting, because if they leave much to be investigated, they also give great promise for the future. The application of such emanations to diseased tissues, as I showed recently, constitutes a topic of intense practical interest to the race. Light, one of our blessings, may in another phase prove to be a powerful means of fighting the scourges that beset us.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G C (Homerton).—You can, of course, check on the first or any move, but as a rule, with only very brilliant exceptions, you do not solve problems with a commencing check.

MRS. WILSON, STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON, and others.—Problem No. 3121 cannot be solved by 1. B to B3rd. It is a compliment to the problem that it has baffled such clever solvers.

FRITZ KUHN (Magdeburg).—We are sorry your solution of No. 3118 is incorrect. After 1. C4th to E4th, G8th to H7th; 2. A6th to E2nd (ch), D1st to E1st; 3. E2nd to Any move, H7th to E4th!

J PANIELLO (Gibraltar).—We are greatly obliged for your favour. We should have published the game with pleasure, only White's play is so feeble that all interest disappears at a very early stage. We will be glad to look at any others you may send us.

T A PRINGLE (Wandsworth).—Thanks for problem, which shall be examined with a view to publication.

W ADAMS.—1. B takes P will not answer in No. 3121.

N FEDDEN (Bristol).—We are glad to hear from you again. The enclosure is very welcome.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3118 received from C Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3120 from C A Rowley (Clifton), T W W (Bootham), C E Perugini, A G (Pancsova), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), E E Hiley (Wells), G A Rothwell (Guildford), and George Fisher (Belfast).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3121 received from E G Rodway (Trowbridge), J Coad, F R Pickering (Forest Hill), J M F (Sidcup), F Henderson (Leeds), T W W (Bootham), Corporal T Laxton, A T Mycroft (Brighton), Shadforth, G A Rothwell (Guildford), Laura Greaves (Shelton), T Roberts, Clement C Danby, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), Sorrento, Reginald Gordon, George Fisher (Belfast), Martin F. Valentin Oppermann (Marseilles), Calliope (Wycombe), J D Tucker (Ilkley), B O Clark (Wolverhampton), F Ede (Canterbury), A Bartlett (Crouch End), Charles Burnett, R Worters (Canterbury), and H S Brandreth (Weybridge).

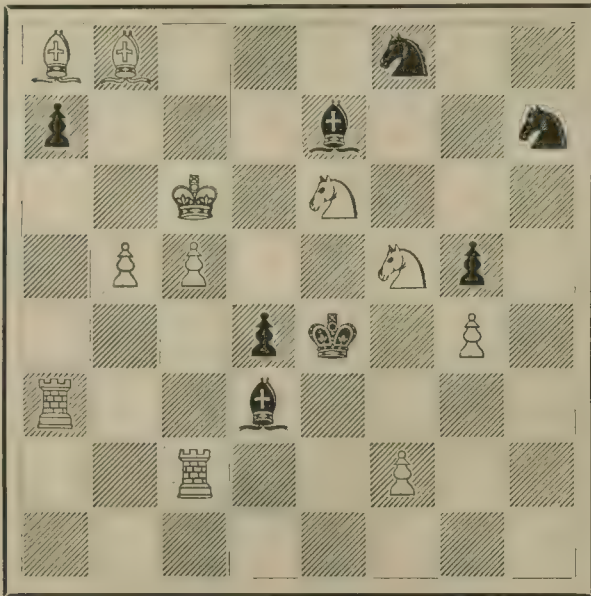
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3120.—By P. DALY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 7th R (R sq) to R 2nd
2. Q to K Kt 2nd Any move
3. Mates.

If Black play 1. R (R 4th) to R 2nd, 2. Q to K Kt sq. and mates next move.

PROBLEM No. 3123.—By IRVING CHAPIN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN MONTE CARLO.

Game played in the Tournament between Messrs. MARCO and SCHLECHTER. (Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th P to Q R 3rd
4. B takes Kt Kt P takes B
Q P takes Kt is undoubtedly the better reply.
5. Kt takes P Q to Kt 4th
6. P to Q 4th Q takes P
7. Q to B 3rd Q takes Q
8. Kt takes Q P to Q 3rd
9. R to Kt sq P to Kt 3rd
10. B to Q 2nd Kt to B 3rd
11. Kt to B 3rd B to K Kt 2nd
12. Castles Castles
13. B to B 4th Kt to R 4th

From this point there is a fine exhibition of clever play on the part of Black. It will be particularly noted how powerful the Bishops become under his skilful handling.
14. B to K 3rd P to B 3rd
15. Kt to Q 2nd P to K B 4th
16. P to B 3rd P takes P
17. P takes P B to R 6th
18. Kt to K 2nd Q R to K sq
19. P to B 3rd Kt to B 3rd
20. Kt to K Kt 3rd Kt to Kt 5th
21. Q R to K sq Kt to K sq

There is really nothing else to be done, but this is the beginning of the end.

21. Kt takes B
22. R takes Kt B to R 3rd
23. R to K 2nd B to Kt 5th
24. Q R to K sq R to B 7th
25. Kt to B sq B to K 7th
26. Kt to Kt 3rd B to B 6th
White resigns.

Of course, R takes B, followed by K to Q sq, would have prolonged the struggle, but could not alter the result.

Another game in the same Tournament between Messrs. SWIDERSKI and MARSHALL.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th P to K 4th
3. P to K 3rd K P takes P
4. K P takes P Kt to Q B 3rd
5. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to B 3rd
6. B to K 3rd B to K 3rd
7. P takes P K Kt takes P
8. B to Q Kt 5th B to Q Kt 5th
9. Kt to K 2nd Castles
10. Castles Q to R 5th
11. Kt takes Kt B takes Kt
12. Kt to B 4th Q R to Q sq
13. P to K Kt 3rd Q to K 2nd
14. Kt takes B R takes Kt
15. B takes Kt P takes B
16. Q to R 4th R to Q Kt 4th
17. Q R to B sq Q to Q 2nd
18. Q to B 2nd B to Q 3rd
19. Q takes P Q takes Q
20. R takes Q R takes P

Up to this point the game is very level, and although opening on somewhat original lines, both sides have shown advantage in the carefulness and accuracy of their play.
21. R to R 6th P to K B 4th
22. R takes P P to B 5th
23. P takes P B takes P
24. P to Q R 4th R to Kt 3rd

A simple kind of move which quite turns the tables in Black's favour. The White King is now much exposed to attack.
25. R to K sq R to Kt 3rd (ch)

26. Kt to B sq B takes P
27. P to R 5th R (B sq) to B 3rd
28. B to Q 2nd P to R 4th
29. R to K 8th (ch) K to R 2nd
30. Q R to R 8th Kt to Kt 8th (ch)
31. K to K 2nd R to Q 7th
32. R (R 8) to Q 8th R to R 7th
33. K to Q 3rd R takes B P

The ending is finely played, and shows what position means in the hands of a master. With forces otherwise equal Black completely walks round his opponent, and wins with apparent ease.

34. B to Kt 4th R (B 7) to Q Kt 7
35. R to Q Kt 8th B to Kt 6th
36. R to Kt 5th P to R 5th
37. R to K 6th P to Kt 3rd
38. R to Kt 5th B to B 5th

If R takes R, 39. R (K 6th) takes P, threatening perpetual check—R to Kt sq; 40. R to Kt 6th, ch, K to R sq; 41. R (Kt 7th) to Kt 6th, etc.

39. R to Kt 4th P to Kt 4th
40. B to K 7th R takes P
41. R takes B P takes R
42. B takes P P to R 6th (ch)
43. K to B 4th R to R 6th
44. B to K sq P to Kt 3rd (ch)
45. K to Q 5th R to K 6th
46. R takes R P takes R
47. K to K 4th R to R 8th
48. B to Kt 3rd P to K 7th
White resigns.

The Monte Carlo Tournament ended in favour of Herr Maroczy, the next in order of merit being Schlechter and Marshall. The competition generally partook of the character of a picnic rather than a contest, and an extraordinary proportion of the games terminated in draws. No new feature was developed, unless we note the steady progress of Herr Swiderski to the front rank, the merit of his play being greater than his score would indicate.

TRUTH AND WAR.

The telegraph-wire and the war-correspondent have not done all that might have been desired or expected in the work of supplying news to the people who stay at home. Those among us who rely upon newspapers for knowledge of the world's progress are often perplexed by the mass of contradictory statements that find a place in one issue of a newspaper, and are presented as though, having paid our money, we were free to make our own selection.

In times of peace "our own correspondent" is a reliable man enough. He has lived in the capital of the country to which he is accredited by his newspaper; probably he has a knowledge of its language, and of the general tone of its politics and the temper of its people. He can estimate the value and direction of political moves, and can even predicate their result. And so it comes to pass that, when news is interesting rather than important, we are well supplied.

Comes a disturbance of the balance of power, a rumour of war, rapidly materialising into fact, a time of extreme tension between Powers or groups of Powers, and the news service suffers grievous change. The special correspondent is sent to the troubled country, equipped with a gift for picturesque expression that is seldom accompanied by knowledge of any language other than his own. All such correspondents have a difficult task. In the first place, they must obey orders. Papers that appeal to the crowd want sensations daily, if not hourly, founded on fact if possible; while papers whose readers seek to see a little England, denuded of colonies and dependencies, transferring its interests to the parish pump and local vestry, want peace at any price. The correspondent may not preach peace to the sensational Press, or war to the sheets that serve the parochial statesman. There is no such thing as a pacific triumph for the one or a righteous war for the other.

Next in importance, as a handicap, comes the lack of special knowledge, a failing that cannot be remedied by a hurried glance at the last books published by globe-trotter, missionary, or peripatetic journalist. Nor can any man of average gift and intelligence hope to pick up in a few hours or days all the threads of a controversy that has been developing silently and unnoticed down to the time when the odds began to grow very long against peace. When a correspondent, after twenty-four hours' residence in the troubled country, is prepared confidently to offer his own panacea for all the besetting evils that have brought the trained minds of statesmen to a deadlock, he must be either a genius or a fool. As a rule, he is not a genius.

If there is a general difficulty in the way of the special correspondent who is supposed to be quite ready and willing to go from China to Peru and deal intelligently with every situation that may arise en route, that difficulty increases when he has to deal with questions in near, middle, or far East. Mohammed, Buddha, and Confucius may not have done so much for the world of the East as the perfectly respectable people who have never been farther East than Lowestoft or Cromer would have had them do. Perhaps they have not done all that the reader of books dealing with their lives thinks he would have done in their place. Yet, if they have not been able to make yellow white, or subdue the natural tendency of sinful man, they have accomplished far more than the Western mind can hope ever to understand. Your Eastern, whether he follow the great Camel Driver of Mecca, or Gautama, the latest Buddha, or Confucius, who taught China to live its own wonderful life, has a breadth of view, a subtlety, and, generally speaking, a knowledge of affairs that is beyond the reach of the uncultured at home; and when the Westerner comes to him seeking knowledge, he fulfils the suggestion made by one of the wise of his own people: "Let the impertinent questioner be fed on lies."

The energetic, industrious scribe who sets out "to hustle the East" does not thrive when he opposes himself in contest with the wily Oriental, whose object in life is to give each man the news he is most likely to want. Happily for the correspondent who knows little and cares less for the subtleties of the Oriental brain, to-morrow finds yesterday's mistakes comfortably buried: the morning paper dies in the afternoon. Its contents, if one may quote FitzGerald—

... To no such aureate earth are turned
As, buried once, men want dug up again.

The special correspondent's mistakes are interred as decently as the doctor's; only if he chances to light upon a piece of news that is both important first-hand and true does his screeed risk resurrection. Bearing these facts in mind—Shanghai should have impressed them upon us in the last Chinese war, just as Delagoa Bay did in South Africa—we regard news from the Far East, even although it bears the stamp "official," with a mild and sceptical interest. Let the reader believe, if he will, that all purveyors of the fact that is allied so closely to fiction are doing their best, but let him recognise how and why that best is bound to be unsatisfactory. Only the special artist may be depended upon, for he sends home what he sees, not what he hears. No dweller in the East allows a tale to lose in the telling, or a fact to travel without the transport of a lie. When a crisis comes to the East, the native of the bazaar world gets his chance. He can rise upon the bubble of circumstantial fiction to a giddy height, careless of how soon the bubble bursts. So soon as peace yields to war, few correspondents can find time to sift the grain of truth from the chaff of falsehood.

But six months ago Rumour had perforce to walk the Eastern bazaars in sober garb, hardly noticed by responsible men, her many tongues chattering to deaf ears. To-day things have changed. She goes abroad boldly in purple and fine linen, and strange, well-meaning men, some of whom thought little more than a year ago that the East began with the Mile End Road, listen to all she has to say. Truth in the meantime, rather disgusted by the antics of her bastard relative, strives to maintain strict seclusion at the bottom of her well.

THE FUTILE JAPANESE ATTEMPT TO SEAL UP PORT ARTHUR: THE PROBABLE METHOD OF OPERATION.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, MARCH 5, 1904.—343

THE PRACTICABILITY OF BLOCKING THE CHANNEL OF PORT ARTHUR WITH SUNKEN SHIPS.

This drawing, which is mainly diagrammatic, does violence to perspective for the sake of clearness. The land is imagined as tilted up, so as to give a bird's-eye view of the harbour; and the Russian ships, whose passage is impeded by the sunken hulks, are therefore somewhat out of proportion. The lower diagram is, however, drawn to scale, and shows the exact requirements for the effectual sealing up of the port, with the width of the channel in yards, and the different depths in feet of the water at high and low tide.



FORMATIONS OF FIGHTING SHIPS IN ACTION: STEAM TACTICS, THE "MARCHING DRILL" OF THE FLEET.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON.

AVENGERS OF THE LINE: RUSSIAN PURSUIT OF A RAILWAY-WRECKER

DRAWN BY G. MONTBARD.



G. MONTBARD.

COSSACKS PURSUING A MANCHU MEDDLER WITH THE LINE.

In the Manchurian bandits the Japanese have found ready allies in the work of obstructing the railway, which is so vital a necessity to the Russians in their conduct of the present war.

A MUSSULMAN FOR MUSCOVY: A RUSSIAN RECRUITING INCIDENT.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



SWEARING - IN A MOHAMMEDAN RECRUIT FOR THE CZAR.

In purely Mohammedan countries where the Jihad is proclaimed, no oath would be taken by the masses. The recruit here depicted would take an oath of allegiance and devotion decreed by the Russian authorities, probably after consultation with the highest Mohammedan ecclesiastical authority, the Shekh-ul-Islam, head of the Ulema in Constantinople; though this, too, would depend largely upon the district whence the men are recruited.

BRITISH v. AMERICAN METHODS:

A BRITISH ENGINEERING FEAT IN SPEEDY ERECTION.

By JAMES CASSIDY.

Until May 16, 1903, the site on which Messrs. Graham, Morton, and Co.'s new engineering works now stand was a marsh, or, at any rate, an unoccupied field. By Nov. 2 of the same year the firm started in full swing; in other words, five and a half months saw accomplished a feat ordinarily occupying three years. We have heard much of late with reference to the speedy erection of buildings with steel structural shells by American engineers, but in this class of work Mr. Graham has shown that he could give his American competitors a few points and still beat them. And here we may very properly observe that the firm is prepared to undertake the design, erection, and complete equipment of similar works in any part of the world at the shortest possible notice. They already enjoy a world-wide reputation for the manufacture of labour-saving machinery and its speedy erection—for the erection of a contract of the value of £120,000 for the largest installation of inclined retorts for the carbonising of coal on the face of the globe, at Edinburgh, completed within the record time of *nine months*; for the construction of similar plant for the biggest installation on the Continent of Europe at the Milan gasworks, Italy, in the year 1902, accomplished within the short period of *seven months*, the value of the contract being £108,000; for the erection of the *first* installation of inclined retorts in Scotland, at Aberdeen, and in Ireland, at Londonderry. It is also well known that Mr. Maurice Graham, the enterprising managing director of the Company, was specially requested to advise the New York Gas Company, U.S.A., with regard to carbonising plant, and to furnish them with a complete set of designs and all necessary information for carrying out the work.



UNOCCUPIED FIELD, MAY 16.



DURING ERECTION, JULY 16.

One of their most recent undertakings—that for its magnitude and the lightning speed with which it was carried out leaves behind older records—is the erection and complete equipment of their new engineering works and offices. During the whole time that building operations were in progress, work was not interrupted in any way; but business went on as usual in the old factory in Black Bull Street, no contract in hand being allowed to fall into arrears. At the time a large contract with Paris of the value of £50,000 was running, as well as other important contracts of almost equal value. The whole of the construction was carried out by the firm, no part of the work being given out, and no sub-contractors being called in. This implies excavation work, foundations, brickwork, structural ironwork, roofs, etc. The Company also erected a temporary works, and equipped the same with machinery for building. Over six hundred men were employed, including navvies, bricklayers, iron-work erectors, glaziers, painters, etc.

It will be obvious to the reader that behind such an achievement there must necessarily have been a good organising mind, an active brain, and carefully matured plans; and the method in vogue must have been superior to that usually obtaining, even with "smart" builders, against whom many a biting sarcasm has been levied, on account of the proverbial slowness of operations compared with what had been expected from initiatory promises.

A few statistics bearing on the subject of the erection and equipment of the works and offices may prove interesting: The quantity of glass employed in the works, engine and boiler houses, given in square feet, was 54,600, and in the offices 6950. The number of panes totalled up to 5670 in the works, and 1140 in the offices. The weight of the ironwork was 343 tons of steel joists, 323 tons of sectional steel, and no less than fifty tons of bolts. The area covered by the works is

420 ft. by 150 ft., or 63,000 sq. ft.; by the engine and boiler houses, 50 ft. by 55 ft., or 2750 sq. ft.; by the offices, 270 ft. by 41 ft., or 11,070 sq. ft.; in all a complete acreage of 76,820 sq. ft.

A careful look round the commercial world, with a view to gauging somewhat the prospects before British trade, its expansion both at home and in the Colonies, has confirmed the Company in its opinion of the great future before steel structural work of the type exemplified in their fine engineering works. Supporting this conviction, at least in one direction, is the recorded statement of Mr. Henry Birchenough, the Board of Trade's Special Commissioner to South Africa. He says of its prospects in this Colony: "It is the general opinion (of mine-managers and engineers) in South Africa that the steel skeleton frame building has a great future before it. In all the large cities such buildings are in process of erection, and so far most of the contracts have gone to America. A New York firm came into the market with a large experience of the 'sky-scraper' type of building, and informed architects they were prepared to calculate weights and strains, to supply all details for plans, and to quote prices, inclusive of erection. This naturally proved very attractive to architects, as it freed them from the necessity of employing skilled men themselves to make such calculations. The success of the American firm was immediate. One great English firm have taken a leaf out of the American book, and offer to perform the same services without charge." Messrs. Graham, Morton, and Co. are doing the same thing—i.e., competing on equal terms with the Americans, and with this happy advantage: that, while American work, as Mr. Birchenough affirms, has not given entire satisfaction, that undertaken by this Company has met with high favour and warmly expressed approbation. Did space permit, I should like to give here particulars of some of the work turned out, and



NEARING COMPLETION, SEPTEMBER 16.

now in progress, in the Company's workshops for South Africa, but must pass on to conclusion with a few biographical observations that I have been able to glean concerning the managing director, Mr. Maurice Graham, to whose initiative is due the premier position held by the firm, and on whose sustaining shoulders rests the entire work of executive organisation for the carrying out of huge contracts in all parts of the world.

Mr. Graham is one of the busiest men I know. An extensive traveller, he may be said to spend half his sleeping and waking life in railway-trains and in steamers. As an instance of this it will be sufficient to state that during the run of the Milan contract he made fourteen journeys to Italy, and within the twelve months two journeys to America, and twenty-four journeys to France and Germany. The son of an Irish father and a Scotch mother, and born at Saughall, a parish in the counties of both Cheshire and Flint, and so in England and Wales, he is a true Briton, while a great admirer of all that is most commendable in American business methods.

By the death of his father when he was but two years old, he was left an orphan. Educated in London at a private boarding-school, directly connected with the Kensington Science and Art Classes, he considers it is to those classes he owes the foundation of his engineering career, as they developed in him, at the early age of thirteen, a taste for draughtsmanship and the construction of small models of buildings and engines. On one occasion, on making a model for a new building, complete with steeple, to architectural drawings, for the purpose of laying before a committee who were deciding a question of building extension, he received a small payment (his first monetary earnings). Whilst in his 'teens he had taken honours in mathematics, magnetism and electricity, machine construction and drawing, and had also obtained the coveted silver medal of the Turners' Company, London, for draughtsmanship.

On leaving school, desirous of gaining commercial experience, he entered the office of a shipper; but the inactive life there did not suit the enterprising youth, so he took a situation in a free library, and after repairing books for some time and attending to the sleepy and lazy readers with a pea-shooter, he made up his mind that he was only wasting his time; that he would sign articles to a firm of machine-tool makers, pass through the workshops, and so enter fully on his engineering career. From thence he transferred to a firm that made a speciality of gas, water, and hydraulic plant, and passed through their workshops also. Here his experience was varied, as he divided his time between the drawing-office during the winter months, and the works and outside erection the remaining portion of the year. Presently his opportunity came, offering him the charge of the outside erectors, and so he obtained the coveted broader field of work. Eventually he decided to commence as an erector on his own responsibility. His initial contracts throughout Great Britain and Ireland were for roofs, bridges, steel structural work, and general machinery. It was during his years of workshop training and outside erection that he gained his intimate knowledge of the working man. It is said that to-day there are few tricks played by workmen that he does not know. Intuition, combined with a thorough personal experience,



MR. MAURICE GRAHAM.

makes him equally at home in dealing with the technical and clerical staff.

When twenty-two years of age, we find him taking, for the sake of the further experience he would gain, a situation as draughtsman to a new London syndicate formed for the purpose of exploiting a new system of carbonising coal. This was the commencement of the now well-known inclined retort system, employed in gas, chemical, and colliery works throughout the world. Of this syndicate, formed into a company with a capital of £250,000, Mr. Graham became the Chief Engineer, himself securing the contracts and carrying them through to a successful issue on engineering and earning lines. We find him in his new capacity going ahead with determination, meeting and overcoming

of his own age, and founded the private firm of Graham Morton, and Co., Limited, Leeds and London, with what success the engineering world generally is well aware, the firm having established a "record" for the organisation and carrying through of big contracts, including the installation of conveying plants, colliery and mining plants, and the erection of steel structural works, bridges, etc., all over the globe.

Referring to the general design of the works, special attention has been given to the Technical and Clerical Offices as regards the lighting and ventilation. The Drawing-Office roof is divided into three longitudinal bays, the centre bay being all glass, so as to give a good light for the draughtsmen (who are fifty in number). The organisation of the Drawing-Office is upon the latest principles, and indexed by the card system throughout.

The Office Building may be said to be divided in half by the main entrance; the top portion, on the left half of the photograph, is utilised for clerical and private offices, and underneath for the mess-rooms, reading-rooms, library, etc., for the staff. The right half of the photograph is the Drawing-Office. The clerical offices are furnished in a luxurious style, and thoroughly carry out Mr. Graham's idea that, in his opinion, offices should be furnished as comfortably as possible, and in shades of colour which are conducive to mental activity.

Mr. Graham has been his own architect and designer throughout the whole of this work, and has carried it out to notes made by him on his various trips to other engineering works in America and on the Continent; and it is apparent to the visitor when entering the works that every attention and consideration has been given to facilitate the handling of the various materials and contracts which pass through the shops. I noticed a railway siding passing through each end of the shop, and several swift-running electric trolley cranes (which are two in a bay), and which load or unload the trucks with extraordinary rapidity.

In walking round the works I noticed several large contracts for the Admiralty and War Office and for the various railways at home and abroad. Mr. Graham informed me that his firm was chosen to carry out the contract for conveying machinery for the

Royal Mint, London. One can readily see that the new works of this firm have been laid down with the idea of there being a large extension at an early date, and all arrangements have been made accordingly. I shall not be at all surprised, therefore, in the near future to find that Mr. Graham has been called in to execute

some large contract, as the organisation in building displayed by himself and his young staff gives every confidence to anybody wishing to have work erected speedily, so as to obtain the full advantage on the capital outlay, and at the same time reduce the interest on the capital outlay during the erection of these contracts, which in years past must have been something enormous. The reader has only to think what a large amount must be paid away by County Councils, companies, etc., during the construction of large undertakings to appreciate how, by means of the very latest up-to-date methods, which are employed by such firms as the above, and which I have had the pleasure of carefully going through, Britishers are now able to turn over a new leaf of economy.



PHOTOGRAPH OF OFFICES, WITH WORKSHOPS BEHIND, COMPLETED AT LEEDS NOVEMBER 2.

obstacles that would have deterred a less able and enterprising man. Here we meet him reading papers before scientific institutions on the new system, endeavouring to convince the older gas-engineers, who at first were much opposed to the innovation; there we see him designing and erecting this class of engineering plant (of a total value of over £400,000); and everywhere we trace him we find him facing problems and surmounting difficulties in all directions. Mr. Graham is a member of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, the Institution of Civil Engineers, the Institution of Mining Engineers, and the Iron and Steel Institute.

The company's patent having run out, Mr. Graham took an office in London, joining the ranks of engineers and contractors. Trading thence for two years, he ultimately entered into partnership with Mr. Joseph Morton, a man



INTERIOR OF WORKS.



DRAWING-OFFICE.



JAPANESE MAN-OF-WAR'S MEN PRACTISING WITH A QUICK-FIRING GUN ON BOARD AN IRONCLAD.



RUSSIAN SAILORS EMBARKING TORPEDOES ON THE "CZAREVITCH" EIGHT HOURS BEFORE THE COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTILITIES.



Miss Ellaline Terriss writes:—"I am using Odol with the greatest pleasure and consider it excellent."



"It affords me very great pleasure to add my testimony to the many encomiums which have been passed on the merits of Odol. Its general characteristics must by now be thoroughly well-known to the public, and so must the advantages to be derived from the use of a preparation which is at once so beneficial, so stimulating and so pleasant." Sir Charles Wyndham.



Miss Florence St. John writes:—"I have tried Odol and find it a delightful preparation for the mouth and teeth."



"Odol is excellent, and I myself use it daily." Eleonora Duse



Miss Olga Nethersole writes:—"I consider Odol a most delightful preparation."



I have found Odol most beneficial and refreshing. Miss Maud Milton



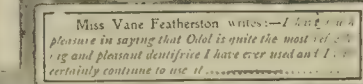
Miss Alice de Winton says:—"It gives me great pleasure to recommend Odol most highly as a delightful and refreshing mouth-wash, which I shall most certainly continue to use."



Sir Henry Irving writes:—"I find Odol excellent."



Miss Eva Moore says:—"I have tried Odol and like it immensely, finding it most refreshing, and cannot speak too highly of it."



Miss Vane Featherston writes:—"I find it a pleasure in saying that Odol is quite the most refreshing and pleasant dentifrice I have ever used and I shall certainly continue to use it."

WHO are the people who take the greatest pains not only to preserve the natural beauties with which Nature has dowered them, but to improve on them? Assuredly it is the members of the artistic professions, especially the actors and actresses in the various branches of their art, dramatic or lyrical. Why this should be the case is obvious, for first impressions count for everything. Every toilet preparation which can enhance the attractiveness of the appearance or add to the beauty of a feature has its particular set of votaries among these artists, who are quick to recommend to their brothers and sisters in art any article they have found particularly valuable. Among these toilet preparations no one has evoked such universal consensus of praise as Odol, whose merits, like its name, are now known the wide world over. The reason for this is not far to seek. Everyone knows the value of the teeth as an aid to beauty, for a smile increases the charm of every face, and beautiful teeth increase the charm of every smile. Recognising how Odol not only keeps the teeth bright and clean, but makes them so if they are not in that

desirable condition already, actors and actresses have waxed enthusiastic over its merits, and have not only recommended it to each other until it is no exaggeration to say it is the universal tooth and mouth wash of the dramatic profession, but they have also taken the trouble to write and express their opinion of its value in the care of the teeth. Among the most familiar names in addition to those whose portraits grace this page may be mentioned such actresses as Mrs. Kendal, Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Marie Studholme, Miss Gertie Millar, Miss Julia Neilson, Mrs. Brown Potter, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and such actors as Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Seymour Hicks, and Mr. Lionel Brough. Were it necessary, these names might be multiplied almost indefinitely, for there is no recommendation like a personal one, and the actors have recommended Odol to their friends and comrades in art, and their example has been followed by men and women in less public walks of life, whose names may not be published.

HOW TO DO IT.

It is surprising how many people there are who, while taking the greatest pains to keep their bodies clean, yet neglect the most important part—their mouth and teeth; which is much to be deplored when it is considered that these have such important functions to perform, the most important of which is the proper mastication of the food, on which the conduct of the digestive organs so largely depends. If, therefore, the teeth are not kept clean and free from decay, the food which should go to nourish and strengthen the body cannot be digested as it should be. It is in the direction of such people who do not realise the importance of this that we wish to strike.

Everybody knows to-day what Odol is—the best dentifrice and wash which science has yet invented for the cleansing and preservation of the teeth and mouth, and the only one recognised by the scientific world that will protect the teeth from decay, and which acts not only during the time of application, but for hours after use.

We have been told that people sometimes pour the Odol on to the tooth-brush, and, using it in that way, are astonished that they burn their mouths. They might just as well be astonished if, instead of sitting in front of the fire to warm themselves, they sat on it. But Odol is a concentrated liquid, of which only a few drops—use will determine how many—

will suffice to make, with lukewarm water, an antiseptic emulsion which ensures a complete purification of the teeth and the whole oral cavity.

This diluted emulsion is strong enough for all purposes, and the undiluted Odol should never on any account be applied to the mouth or teeth, as it is by far too strong and will make the mouth smart.

Having put the Odol into the water, and stirred the mixture with the tooth-brush, a mouthful should be taken, and the mouth thoroughly rinsed. Then the teeth should be cleaned in the ordinary way, the tooth-brush being dipped in the Odol water and not merely drawn backwards and forwards across the fronts of the teeth, but applied all round and between them, with an up-and-down movement, so that all particles of impurity may be dislodged. Then the mouth should be again thoroughly rinsed with more of the Odol mixture, which should be forced between the teeth by distending and contracting the cheeks. After this, another mouthful should be held in the mouth for some time—say, for example, while washing the hands and face—so that the antiseptic contained in the Odol may be thoroughly absorbed everywhere. Finally, after the mouth is rinsed, a little of the Odol mixture should be used to gargle with.

This process of cleansing should be gone through morning and evening, and, if possible, after dinner as well; but most particularly at night just before retiring. Brushing the teeth at night is of the utmost importance, because the process of decay is more destructive then than in the daytime. Moreover, the use of Odol at night results in a most agreeable sensation, in that the air inhaled on passing the Odolised mucous membranes is cooled in a most revivifying manner.



Price: the half-size bottle, 1/6, and the full-size bottle, containing double the quantity, 2/6. Of all Chemists.

LADIES' PAGES.

His Majesty has ordered the insertion of a paragraph in the *Gazette* settling for ever the important and long-vexed question of the respective precedence of the High Sheriff and the Lord Lieutenant of a County. Henceforth, all men shall know that the latter high functionary has precedence, and must go to table before the former at dinner-parties. So much importance is attached to this proceeding in due order to dinner that one would suppose that there would not be food enough for all, and that "first come first served" was the order of the dining-table! However, the hostess who fails to observe the strict law in this respect will find that she gives tremendous offence, and it is a matter that proves to be of no little intricacy either. Thus a Duke's daughter, though the wife of a commoner, takes precedence of a peeress who is the wife of an Earl; but the sister-in-law of the same precedence-taking lady—that is, a Duke's younger son's wife—goes after a Countess. Then a Countess takes precedence of the daughter of a Marquis, but the latter precedes the Duke's daughter-in-law. Really it is rather worse than the multiplication-table. Then again, among men, an officer of the Navy has precedence of one in the Army of nominally equal rank. The King's own children take precedence of his brothers and sisters, so that the accession of a new Sovereign alters the relative positions of all the members of the royal family. After all, it is very desirable that there should be clear and established rules to regulate such matters, for otherwise there would be endless ill-will and heart-burning over precedence as allotted upon the whim of the moment by the host.

An interesting series of charts on England's social condition at different periods of the last century has been prepared for the forthcoming St. Louis Exhibition by our own Board of Trade, and those plates which bear on domestic economy are very striking to housewives. It is startling to perceive that in 1812, when this country was under the heavy war-burdens of the previous forty years, and also under corn-law duties, the price of the quartern loaf was actually 1s. 5½d.: one is amazed that one's ancestors then had the courage to undertake to maintain a family! The Franco-German War sent prices of food up wonderfully; forty-five common articles of food are named that were raised to high prices during the years 1871-75. After the latter date, however, all things began to get cheaper again, and in the succeeding twenty years, ending in 1895, the cost of those food materials decreased no less than sixty per cent; that is to say, forty sovereigns would buy as much food in 1895 as one hundred pounds would have supplied in the early 'seventies. No wonder we have become extravagant in dress, amusements, and other luxuries: cheap food has allowed



CRÊPE-DE-CHINE AND LACE.

the expenditure on other matters. Now, however, the charts show that we are well into a period of rising price again: since 1896 food is 15 per cent. dearer. Meat, wheat, tea, and sugar are all now imported far more largely than would be in proportion to the growth of the population over the figures of fifty years ago; that is to say, we all get far more of these articles than our grandparents could purchase.

Another interesting exhibit prepared in England for the St. Louis Fair is one of church embroidery. The work has been designed by Mr. F. Vigors, F.R.I.B.A., who had the honour of designing the symbolical embroideries for Queen Alexandra's Coronation robes. Her Majesty's train is, by the way, to be placed on view in the Tower of London; the Americans would, I know, highly appreciate the compliment if it were first offered on loan to the St. Louis Exhibition. At Chicago in 1893 Queen Margherita of Italy's unique collection of lace was loaned for exhibition, as also was a portion of the lace belonging to the Empress Frederick, and everybody who saw the cases containing the rare and lovely specimens was highly delighted. To return to the ecclesiastical embroidery: the principal article is a superb altar-cloth; it is of the richest English damask, made at the silk-works at Braintree, and is in shades of golden yellow. The needlework upon it is executed by Miss Symonds, a well-known needle-artist: it represents the heavens, with the sun in the midst, and a light outline of blue to show the atmosphere; in the centre an angelic figure is placed holding the symbol of the Trinity. Grapes on a vine and wheat-ears are introduced in the design as emblematical of the spiritual and material life.

Apparently the St. Louis Exhibition will be a wonderful display of the works of all nations. It is interesting, also, from the fact that it commemorates, at this moment of terrible warfare and uncertainty as to the final scope of conflict between races and Governments, the peaceful settlement of a question that once held the possibility of bloodshed. It celebrates the centenary of the acquisition of the great tract of country known as Louisiana by purchase of the United States from the French. But comparatively few of us are able to make the journey involved in seeing the St. Louis Fair. Nobody who can manage the journey should fail to decide upon taking it. The United States are so interesting to all intelligent travellers able to appreciate the spirit of advance in mankind; and then there are wonderful natural features, such as the ever-amazing and grand Niagara Falls, the vast inland seas called the great lakes, the wide roll of the immense rivers, and, farther afield, the wonderlands of the Yellowstone Park in Wyoming, the Yosemite Valley in California, and the rocky region of Arizona. But the Fair itself will no doubt surpass everything that has yet been seen, since that is the American way. Europe used years ago to laugh at the notion of Uncle Sam "licking creation":

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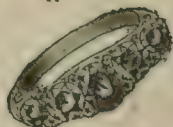
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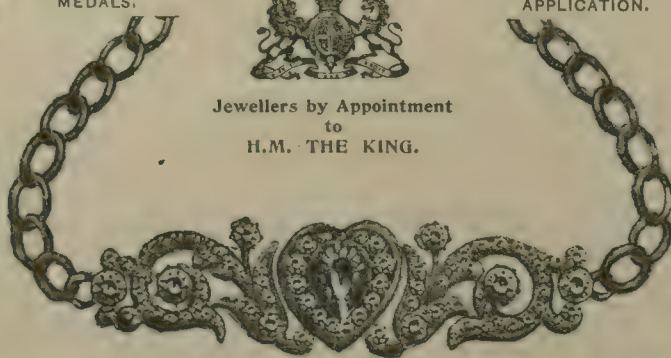
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A RUSSIAN CURB ON JAPANESE CUNNING: A RAILWAY PATROL OF COSSACKS ARRESTING JAPANESE SUSPECTS DISGUISED AS COOLIES.



TO WARD OFF JAPANESE RAILWAY-WRECKERS: A COSSACK GUARD AT THE SUNGARI BRIDGE, A MUCH-THREATENED LINK IN THE RUSSIAN MEANS OF TRANSPORT IN THE FAR EAST.

DRAWN BY G. MONTEARD FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

It is reported that certain bandits, said at first to be a Japanese Colonel of Engineers and two Lieutenants, were caught in an attempt to blow up the Sungari Bridge at Harbin, court-martialled, and summarily hanged from the culverts of the structure.

LAYING TRAPS FOR WAR-SHIPS: THE RUSSIAN METHOD OF DEPOSITING MINES

D. S. P.



SUPPLEMENT TO THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, MARCH 5, 1904. IV

THE ILL-FATED RUSSIAN MINE-TRANSPORT "YENESEI" DEPOSITING MALINOROWSKI MINES FROM HER SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED STERN-PORTS.

The method was as follows: When the port was opened, a spar, shaped like a T girder, was made to project from it. Along the narrower part of the spar ran a sliding hook to which the mine was attached and drawn out until it overhung the water. At the proper moment a cord was pulled which released the mine and let it fall into the water. The mine then moored itself automatically as follows (see small diagram): When the case M, containing the charge, had sunk to a certain depth, it received some support from the float B, and thereupon the anchor A began to unwind itself from the drum D until it found its hold in the sea-floor. The mine would keep a uniform depth below the surface and would rise and fall with the tide. The moment a passing ship struck any of the studs t t t the mine would explode. The "Yenesei" was destroyed by one of her own mines at Dalny.

Van Houten's Cocoa



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The Nursery is the training ground of the future generation. Whether the manhood and womanhood of the next decade will be physically and mentally healthy and vigorous depends largely upon the manner in which the children are fed. Mothers should therefore remember that there is no beverage equal to Van Houten's Cocoa for promoting health, strength and good digestion. It is rich in food value, easily digested and most economical in use. Its exquisite natural flavor makes it the favourite beverage for old and young alike.

our men of business and our social students laugh no more.

New materials will be shown there, and in dress fabrics there are some that are really novelties, not merely fresh designs in the old and well-known weaves. Thus the new velvets, those that are soft and supple as crêpe-de-Chine, and surfaced like either satin or velvet, with the lights and shades and the firmness of those fabrics without their stiffness, are a new departure. Chiffon-velours and chiffon-satin and satin-charmeuse are delicate and supple enough to be drawn through a ring, as our grandmothers used to boast of their India muslin gowns and China crêpe shawls; hence, any one of these new materials drapes round the figure and falls in the softest and most artistic folds, while it has a beauty of light and shade that recalls the richest of satin or the deepest piled of velvets. These new fabrics are also delightfully free from weight. This point is one to which some makers of woollen fabrics do not pay sufficient attention; but a warm gown need not be a heavy one, and the tweeds and homespuns that we require for our new spring frocks ought to be of very small weight. A great burden of this sort is a handicap that the active woman of to-day cannot and ought not to endure, and the ingenuity of the manufacturer should be continuously exercised on the problem of getting solid, strong-wearing, all-wool materials that are yet of a very light weight.

That crêpe-de-Chine gown illustrated is a pretty specimen of coming fashion. The bodice has a finely tucked yoke, outlined with lace on the collar-band and beneath it, and again round the edge of the yoke, and then has a large medallion of lace down the front, and a similar one set on the tucks of each sleeve. The soft material falls into graceful folds from the rows of gauging that pass round the bust and across the top of the sleeve; another row of gauging produces a second puff at the lower part of the arm, ending in a frill of lace. The skirt is gauged to make a full flounce, and decorated with medallions of lace corresponding with those on the bodice. Round the hips the material is laid in fine tucks, held into place with a double band of lace insertion; and there is a waist-band of satin. The hat is a "melon" shape in gauged crêpe-de-Chine, trimmed with lace, and finished behind with a satin bow to harmonise with the waistbelt. In black crêpe-de-Chine, with white lace, this would work out very satisfactorily; or in brown, with turquoise satin as the belt and foundation for the lace medallions and collar-band. The other dress is cloth, trimmed with velvet, and brightened by a little touch of gold in the narrow passementerie placed on the collar and cuffs and heading the velvet bands. Handsome buttons are required for the front. There is a plain felt hat with a feather from a wing and velvet bow for trimming.

There is another exhibition which is to be opened on March 7 (remaining open till March 19) at the



CLOTH GOWN TRIMMED WITH VELVET.

Grafton Gallery, specially intended to show forth the capacities of the English designers and working craftsmen in the applied arts. The main object is to display that the native art revival is superior to the eccentricity and overstrained originality of the "Art Nouveau" in some of its outcomes; and also that the modern art is an advance on the older form of English decorative designing. The old "Celtic" forms are nearer to the ideal of the promoters of this "Modern Art" exhibition. The dominant note is thoroughness, with the addition of simplicity, and a feeling of the personality of the worker, and the individuality of each separate craft, in opposition to the work mechanically produced. Among the sections of the exhibition are English pewter vessels, untarnishable as regards the silvery surface, and decorated with enamel and copper; ceramic work; jewellery in uncommon designs; silver-work of quite a new variety, inlaid sometimes with enamel, or studded with gems; and carpets. Every article shown is original in some respect, and all are artistic in the highest sense of the word, so the exhibition ought not to be missed.

For beauty of design, the constantly open and free exhibition of gem-setting made by the Parisian Diamond Company deserves mention. There is an unending succession of charming novelties in their show-rooms at 143, Regent Street, 85, New Bond Street, and Burlington Arcade. The company are now producing a variety of ornaments in which enamel combines exquisitely with diamonds, pearls, or coloured stones to produce ornaments of an uncommon and most artistic beauty. Rubies as produced by this company are of the true red, deep and full of fire. The rare emerald also displays a rich colouring that is intensely satisfying to the eye. With these and the lustrous pearl and shimmering diamond are combined the best work of the enameller, and the resulting products are beautiful ornaments worthy of the wear of the most exclusive of great dames. One of the latest ornaments made here is a pendant in the form of a bird's head with curved neck in enamel, the wings diamonds, and in the mouth a square-cut emerald or ruby, with a pearl-shaped pearl dependent therefrom—a fit jewel for a woman of the most refined artistic taste. The Juliet net for the hair, a golden web of finest texture set with tiny diamonds, has pleased the public hugely, and is in great demand.

Switzerland has a well-deserved and growing reputation for producing manufactured articles of food. One of the most successful is Kohler's Chocolate, which is made at Lausanne; it is produced in forms for eating as well as in cakes for the preparation of drinking-chocolate, and is all of a very high class and good flavour. Kohler's "Five o'Clock Chocolate" is often preferred to tea.

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ART NOTES.

At the Ryder Gallery, St. James's Street, are to be seen the studies and pictures of Mr. J. Stirling Dyce, a painter of light, of the peasant, of "the road and the roadside fire," and much more that is associated with the art of France in the past fifty years. French scenes, in fact, these mostly are, some of them misty with the Seine and others sunny with suns of Fontainebleau, and all alike marked by honest technique and by the signs that the thing presented to us is seen by the eye of an artist. Mr. Dyce, by the way, is the son of Mr. Dyce, a Royal Academician of the last generation; but whether he too will follow in his father's footsteps to Burlington House, after the manner of Mr. Leslie and Mr. Stone, is a question for the future to settle.

At the Doré Gallery Mr. J. A. Daniel presents a collection of his pictures under the general title of "Kyle, Loch, and Moor." The Western Highlands are his favourite sketching-ground. We expect "chill October," the "barren moorland," and the tinted leaves—all of them unsympathetic in their beauty—and of course we get them. Such titles as "A Splash on the Moor and the Wind in your Face: Kinlochewe," require an eye of robust constitution not to quail at the mere sight of them in the catalogue. But Mr. Daniel knows the softer side of nature, the mellow and the golden, with the gold that is not of decay. He gives us hints of the possibilities that await the great romantic painter of landscape that Scotland is sure sooner or later to produce.

Mr. Hector Caffieri, at the same gallery, fills a room with water-colour drawings, fifty in number. They represent French fisher-folk and "Summer-Time on the Upper Thames," and are as brilliant as paint could make them. Indeed, Mr. Caffieri was fortunate with his finds of sunshine on the Upper Thames last summer; for there, as elsewhere in England, the more common experience was that those who adhere to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's formula, "My spirits could in and out with the sun," had a season of almost continuous melancholy. Mr. Caffieri got sunshine, and he got spirit, too, into his rendering of it. If, in such drawings as "A Glorious Summer Day, Bisham Abbey," our atmosphere found a flatterer for the moment, he need not repent. It is difficult to do justice to even English sunshine; few indeed attain to it. Mr. Caffieri has an unusually brilliant brush; and we wish him the luck of weather this year which will free him from the necessity of crossing the Channel in search of sea-faring



Photo. Cribb.

THE LAST OF A ROYAL YACHT: THE BREAKING-UP OF THE OLD "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" FOR FIREWOOD.

The old "Victoria and Albert," which carried Queen Victoria on so many cruises, was finally inspected by the King during his recent visit to Portsmouth. Her demolition is now in rapid progress.

sitters. The British sailor is still in need of an interpreter such as the French sailor has had the luck to win at several hands.

It is doubtless difficult to write seriously about art and to raise a laugh at the same time. Mr. George Moore, who has hitherto been a useful adapter and populariser of French critical methods to English pictures, has perhaps now decided that all things must be made in some way amusing. It is not easy, however, to write good nonsense even; and Mr. Moore's "avowal" that he "desired the preservation of the Boers because they were descendants of the great Dutch painters of the seventeenth century" is at least open to a ready rejoinder. "I could not," writes Mr. Andrew Lang, "be a pro-Boer merely on these historical grounds; because our side are quite as much descendants of great English painters as the Boers are of Rembrandt and Teniers, and all the other great Dutch painters." And this for another thrust and parry. "I believe," writes Mr. Moore, "that if the Boers drove the English out of Africa art would spring up in the Transvaal as art had sprung up in Holland when the Hollanders drove out the Spaniards." Mr. Lang cries, alas! on such philosophy: "There had been plenty of art in Holland before the Dutch drove out the Spaniards. There had been none in the Transvaal. To drive out the English does not necessarily produce art; and the art of my beloved country (to which, unlike Mr. Moore, I am tenderly attached) was no better after Bannockburn than before it. It did not flourish till after the union with England." To unite with the English does not necessarily create art, will perhaps be Mr. Moore's retort.

Meanwhile, amid other influences at work to win for Japan the sympathies of English people in war-time, the decorative art of Japan and its popularity in the West must certainly be reckoned. The designers of their colour-pictures may be held in this matter to join hands with the designers of their guns as protectors of their race—a circumstance to be noted by our Chancellors of the Exchequer when they speak of grants to art as a mere concession to the pride of the eyes and the luxury of idle living.

W. M.

A useful telephone memorandum has just been published by Messrs. Jas. Hennessy and Co., of Cognac, the well-known brandy firm. As a means of keeping together for easy reference the numbers of the firms most frequently communicated with, this device is excellent.



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and codicils of the late Right Hon. Cecil John Rhodes, P.C., D.C.L., registered in the Supreme Court of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope on July 23, 1902, have now been proved in London, and probate thereof granted on Feb. 22 to the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., K.T., Earl Grey, Alfred Beit, and Bouchier Francis Hawksley, four of the executors, the value of the English property being sworn at £461,409. Full particulars have already been published of the directions given by the testator for his burial, the provision made for his brothers and sisters, of the scholarships founded by him, and of his benefactions to Cape Colony and Rhodesia, and also to Oriel College, Oxford.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1895), with a codicil (dated Sept. 24, 1901), of Admiral of the Fleet the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, G.C.B., of 8A, The Albany, Piccadilly, who died on Jan. 17, was proved on Feb. 19 by Captain Colin Richard Keppel, C.B., D.S.O., the son, the value of the estate being £3551. The testator gives the household furniture and his personal effects, and the shares in the British North Borneo Company, to his son; his shares in the Direct United States Cable Company to his

daughter, Maria Walpole Hamilton; £60 to his housekeeper, Mrs. E. Fox, and the residue of his property between his son and daughter.

The will (dated Oct. 27, 1903) of Mr. Edward Brook, of Meltham Mills, near Huddersfield, and Hoddum Castle, Dumfriesshire, cotton sewing-thread manufacturer, who died on Jan. 29 last, has now been proved. The testator appointed as executors and trustees his partners, Mr. Thomas Julius Hirst and Mr. Charles Lewis Brook, Mr. Charles Edward Freeman, and his two sons, Mr. Edward Jonas Brook and Mr. Charles Brook. There is a legacy of £300 to each executor. It is mentioned that his wife is already provided for by her marriage settlement, a post-nuptial settlement made in 1889, and by her own property. His port is to be divided equally between his sons. An annuity of £60 per annum is given to Mrs. Snowden, of London; and there are legacies to his housekeeper at Spring Place, Meltham, of £50 and the furniture in the house; £100 to his coachman; £50 to his head gardener; £5 to each outdoor servant with six years' service on the Hoddum and Kinmount estates; £5 to each worker, and £2 ros. to each half-timer employed by Jonas Brook and Brothers,

Limited, at Meltham Mills. To each of his sisters, Mrs. Hartop and Miss Brook, £5000; to each of his sons £50,000; £60,000 to his daughter Miss Frances Mary Brook; and £42,000 to his daughter Mrs. Spragge, in addition to her settlement. The residue of his estate is to be divided between his two sons. The will has been proved by all the executors therein named, except Mr. Charles Lewis Brook, who is in South Africa, power being reserved for him to prove later. The estate has been sworn at £2,155,752 8s. 9d. net, exclusive of heritable properties in Scotland and of the several settlements. The amount paid for estate duty is £170,580 14s. 3d.

The will (dated Dec. 3, 1896), with a codicil (dated Nov. 13, 1902), of Miss Frances Catherine Meade, of Glenavon, Charlcombe, Somerset, who died on Dec. 23, was proved on Feb. 1 by James George Meade and Edward Cazalet Meade, the nephews, the value of the estate being £47,502. The testatrix bequeaths £8000 to her niece, Frances Patience Duncan; £7000 to her nephew, James George Moore; £1000 each to the children of her sister, Mrs. Hankey, and her brother William; £1000 and her personal articles to Catherine Mary Hamilton; £1000 each to Caroline Meade and

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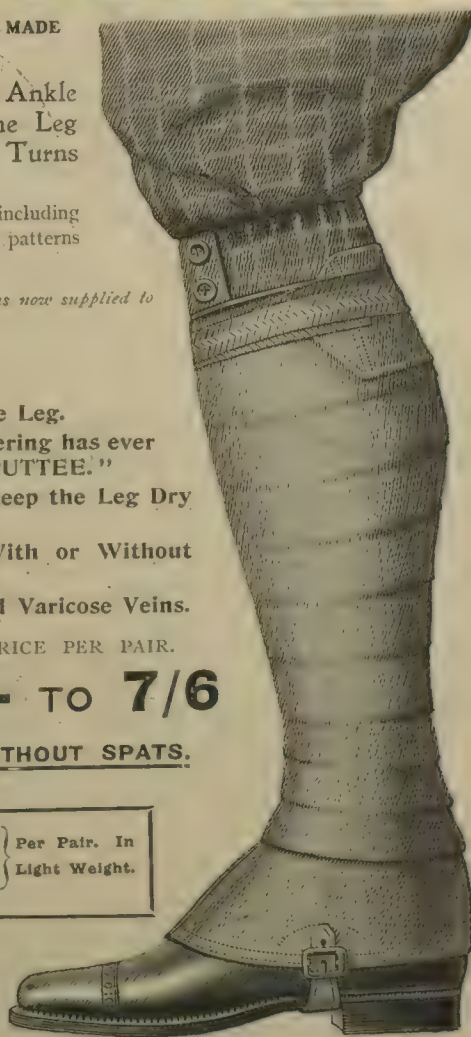
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her daughter Louisa; £200 to the Royal United Hospital, Bath; £100 each to the General Hospital, the Monmouth Street Society, and the Trained Nurses' Institute and Home, Bath; and other legacies. Should the residue of her property not exceed £3000 then it is to be divided among the National Society for Educating the Poor, the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation, the St. Andrew's Waterside Mission, the Clergy Orphan Corporation, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; but in the event of such residue being more than that, then £500 is to be paid to each of the said institutions, and the ultimate residue divided between James George Meade and Frances Patience Duncan.

The will (dated Jan. 15, 1901), with a codicil (dated Oct. 29, 1903), of Mr. Thomas King, of Queen Anne's Mansions, Westminster, was proved on Feb. 13 by John King and William Holland King, the brothers, the value of the estate being £47,623. The testator gives £1000 to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Plymouth; £100 to the Roman Catholic priest in charge of the mission at the place in which he, the testator, shall die; any money due to him on account of the fellowship he holds there, to the Master and Fellows of Jesus College, Cambridge; £1000 to his cousin, Herbert Cowie; and his

boats, sails, and gear at Penzance, an annuity of £25, and the leasehold house, 24, Regent Terrace, to his boatman, Philip Nicholls. The residue of his property he leaves between his brothers John and William Holland, and his nephew Arthur Thomas King.

The will (dated June 2, 1902) of Mr. William Alexander Mackinnon, of Acrise Place, near Folkestone, formerly M.P. for Rye and Lymington, who died on Sept. 14, was proved on Feb. 13 by Francis Alexander Mackinnon, the son, and Charles Edward Stuart Foyer, the value of the estate being £35,754. The testator gives his jewels to his daughters Caroline Emma and Sophia Louisa, and also such a sum as with the funds of his marriage settlement will make up portions of £25,000 each for them; and £10,000 to his son Major-General William Alexander Mackinnon, of the C.I.V. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Francis Alexander.

The will (dated March 23, 1903) of Lieut.-General Sir Robert Grant, G.C.B., of 14, Granville Place, Hyde Park, who died on Jan. 3, was proved on Feb. 13 by Dame Victoria Alexandrina Grant, the widow, and Charles John Cecil Grant, the son, the value of the estate being £35,038. The testator gives his leasehold house, with the furniture and effects, and the income from the residue

of his property to his wife. Subject thereto he leaves such property to his son, Captain Charles John Cecil Grant.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that from July 1 ordinary tickets issued for distances over twenty miles will be available for return at any time within six months. For distances less than twenty miles they will be available as at present—namely, not exceeding twelve miles for two days, or from Saturday to Monday. For distances over twelve and not exceeding twenty miles, eight days. The Company have again issued their convenient and compendious pocket handbook to the principal dog and poultry shows, cattle and horse fairs, racing fixtures, and agricultural shows to be held in 1904. Besides giving dates of forthcoming events in a conveniently classified form, it contains a mass of particulars regarding railway arrangements and fares, live-stock freights by passenger and goods trains both to places in Britain and the Continent, lists of the Agricultural Hall fixtures, and rates for transit of farm and agricultural produce. The company have also issued a card dealing exhaustively with agricultural shows, which can be obtained from the Goods Manager, King's Cross Station, London, N.

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APRIL 1904 No. 1 SIXPENCE
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MAGAZINE**

No. I

Ready

MARCH 18

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

An interesting event in the Episcopal Church of Scotland was the consecration last week of the Very Rev. Archibald G. Campbell, D.D., as Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway. There was a crowded congregation at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Glasgow, and three Scottish Bishops took part in the service. The Bishop of St. Andrews was prevented by illness from attending. Dr. Wilkinson, like Canon Scott Holland, has been suffering from the effects of overwork in connection with his visit in South Africa. Under medical orders, he is to rest entirely for three months.

The Rev. J. C. Wright, M.A., who has been appointed by Bishop Knox to the Canonry and Rectory of St. George's, Manchester, was one of the Bishop's old pupils at Merton College, Oxford. Canon Wright is a Bolton man, and received his early education at Manchester. He became Vicar of St. George's, Leeds, in 1895, and has taken a large share in educational and temperance work.

A very attractive series of meetings has been arranged for next week in connection with the centenary

of the Bible Society. Besides the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday there will be on Monday a great gathering at the Albert Hall, and on Tuesday a meeting at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, and a public reception of delegates. Representatives of the missionary bodies will attend to congratulate the sister society, and leading men from all the churches will take part in the speaking.

The Rev. D. Macfadyen, of Hanley, has accepted the invitation to succeed the Rev. W. B. Selbie as Pastor of Highgate Congregational Church. Mr. Selbie, who is a very able preacher and writer, is now settled at Emmanuel Church, Cambridge, where he followed Principal Forsyth. Mr. Macfadyen inherits from his late distinguished father, Dr. Macfadyen—who was a Chairman of the Congregational Union—pulpit gifts of a high order, and he has also done much literary work.

Canon Body is preaching during Lent at All Saints', Margaret Street, and before beginning his first sermon he reminded his hearers that his mission work in the Diocese of Durham is partly dependent on the offerings gained by his Lenten lectures. In former years Canon Body spoke at many different churches during this

season, but he mentioned that now his doctor is insisting that he should strictly limit the number of his engagements.

Prebendary Fox, of the Church Missionary Society, has been asked by the secretary of the Southport Laymen's League whether the clergy sent out by the C.M.S. adopt the eastward position. He replies that, to the best of his knowledge, none of the Bishops whose stipends are paid by the society nor any of its ordained missionaries adopt the eastward position, and that this would be against the society's express wishes.

Among Nonconformists who have welcomed the Archbishop of York's eirenicon is Professor Banks, Principal of the Wesleyan College at Headingley, who thinks there are innumerable questions affecting public life in which the Established and Free Churches can act together with immense advantage.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, hopes to raise the sum of £3000 to carry out a scheme for reaching the young men and women employed in London warehouses. The Lord Mayor has consented to preside at a luncheon on Thursday, April 7, in aid of this enterprise.



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Headache



SOMETIMES when things don't go right in certain parts of your body you feel the effect in your head. When you've got headache, it doesn't necessarily mean your head is wrong. Headache is very often only a symptom of disorder elsewhere. Look somewhere else for the mischief, and correct the cause, not the symptom.

Is the headache in the forehead, and does it cease if you press it? If so, that's neuralgic headache. Is it in the forehead, or on one side of the head only? If so, it's what doctors call "migrain," and arises from want of tone in the system. Is it general, and accompanied by sickness, foul breath, constipation, etc.? If so, it's a bilious headache, and arises from excessive secretion of the bile. All these headaches are traceable, you see, either to stomach weakness, which lets the system get run down (resulting in neuralgia or migrain), or to liver disorder, which deranges bile secretion and causes bilious headaches. Bile Beans act directly on liver and stomach. That's how they cure headache, which is only a symptom, by correcting the disorders which cause it.

Mrs. Jane Jarman, of Barton-in-the-Clay, Bedfordshire, suffered almost all her lifetime from bilious headache. She has at last found release from this misery, and a representative of the *Luton Reporter* has put her story on record. She says—

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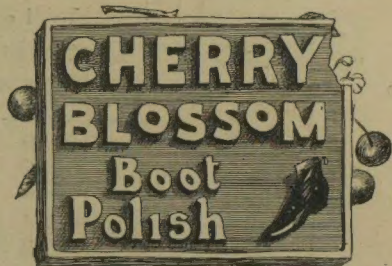
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MISCELLANEOUS.

At a recent meeting of the committee of the Japan Society it was decided to appeal to the public for donations to a fund for the relief of the sick and wounded in the war in the Far East, such fund to be handed over through the President of the Society, his Excellency the Japanese Minister, Viscount Hayashi, to the "Red Cross Society of Japan." Donations should be sent to the hon. treasurer of the Japan Society, 20, Hanover Square, W.; cheques to be crossed "Account Japanese Red Cross Fund."

The first part of "Cassell's History of the Japanese War" (sixpence monthly) contains an introduction by Mr. Arthur Diosy, the expert on matters Japanese;

and the history proper, by another hand, puts on record the first movements of the conflict. The work is well and profusely illustrated.

Those who are accustomed to receive Sutton's "Farmers' Year-Book" regularly will find this year's edition unusually full of valuable information to the farmer, including an excellent calendar and several tables which will be of service for daily reference. Copies can be obtained from the publishers, Messrs. Sutton and Sons, Reading.

The New Palace Steamers, Limited, announce that they have sold their well-known paddle-steamer *La Marguerite* to the Liverpool and North Wales Steamship Company, Limited, to run between Liverpool,

Llandudno, and the Menai Straits, and she will leave the Thames very shortly; but the company have made such arrangements for the coming season that their patrons will not suffer from lack of service from London Bridge and Tilbury to Southend, Margate, and Ramsgate. Provision will be made for cross-Channel trips. Plans are under consideration for the building of a fine new steamer to be placed on that station in 1905.

A handy little book of one hundred and sixty pages is published by the Midland Railway Company, containing a list of agricultural and other shows, cattle and sheep fairs and sales, racing, cricket, and other sporting fixtures for 1904, arranged in tabular form convenient for reference.

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"Angelus"
PIANO-PLAYER

Floods the World with melody

THE MOST PERFECT, ARTISTIC, AND HUMAN-LIKE IN TECHNIQUE, WITH INSTANTANEOUS AND COMPLETE CONTROL OF TEMPO AND EXPRESSION.

THE "ANGELUS" IS MORE MUSICIALLY IN ITS AIM THAN OTHER PIANO-PLAYERS.

It enables everyone to play the piano. It provides the mastery of technique essential to the musician, while giving the perfect control of time and expression which enables him to interpret artistically the great composers.

The SIMPLICITY and COMPLETENESS of the EXPRESSION DEVICES are the unique features of the "ANGELUS." The control is so perfect, the action so sensitive and effective, the response so immediate, that all the effects of expert hand playing are realised with the most gratifying sense of mastery.

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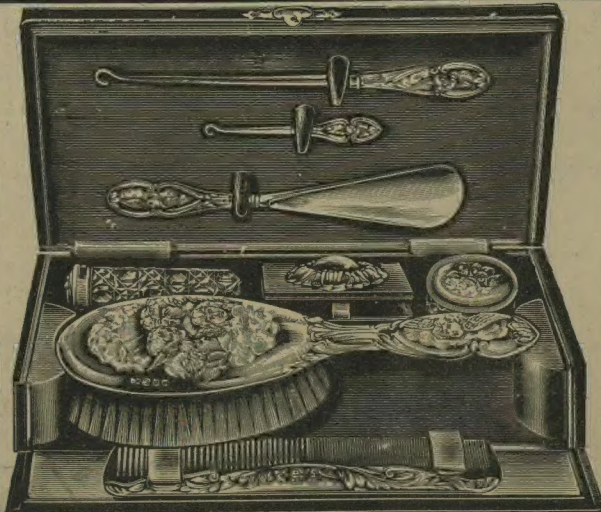
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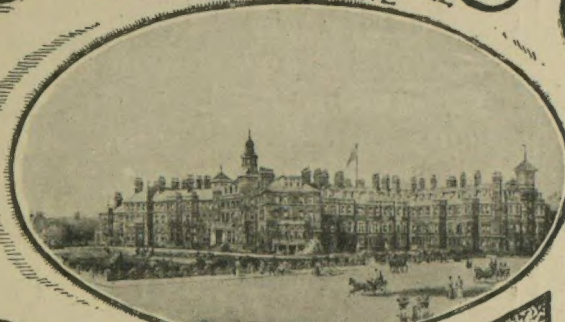
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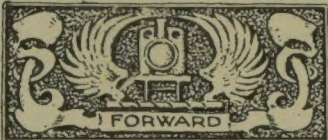
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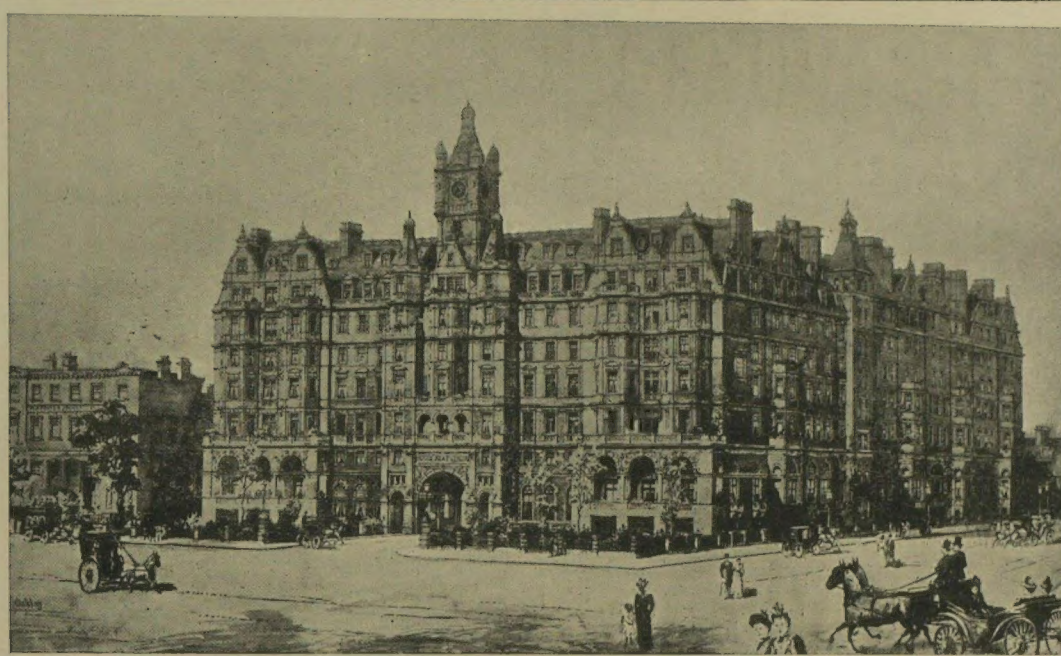
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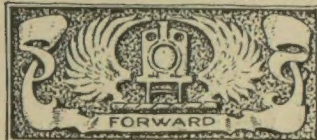
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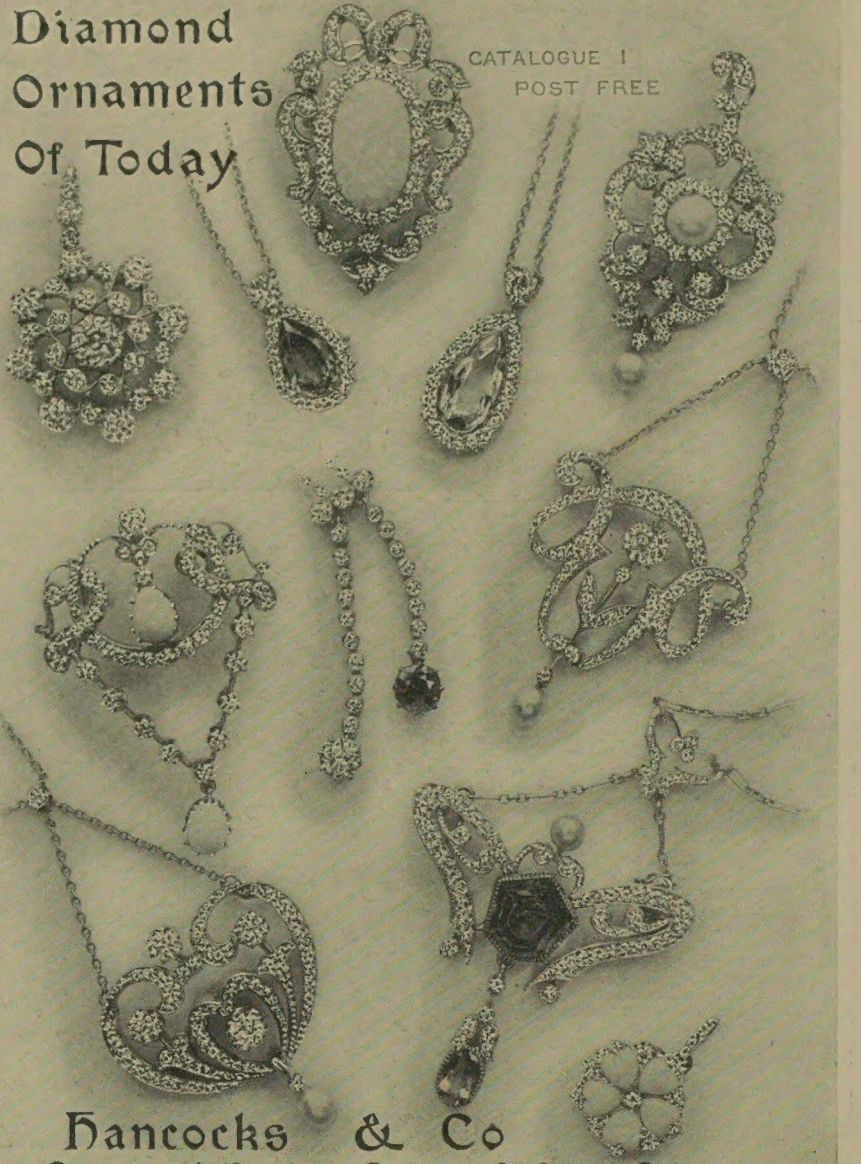
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